NEW STATESMAN
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75 BIRTHDAY ISSUE
Christopher Hitchens looks back

Labour's policy review:
"Equality is an unpopular issue"

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NEW STATESMAN

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Return of the Native: as Peter Brook's new play, *The Mahabharata*, opens in Glasgow, he gives a rare interview to Boyd Tonkin

See p.50 for subscription rates

Citizen Hurd

THIS GOVERNMENT isn't the Leviathan that Thomas Hobbes described — the omnipotent, dreadful sovereign which protects us from the harm we would otherwise inflict on each other. Not quite; not yet. But as Thatcherism shifts its emphasis from economic liberalism to social authoritarianism, its roots seem to lead down more directly to Hobbes than, for example, to Mill. You may not like us, it says, but you need us, for otherwise your life would be solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short.

Citizenship, on this model, is simply a subscription to a mutual self-protection club and the British Conservatives have very little else to say about the concept. (The American right, by contrast, is at least genuinely *republican*.) Tories don't usually think of us as citizens; they think of us as subjects. And Lawson's budget, even more than the creeping authoritarianism, has shown how the belief that we all have a *stake* in society has completely vanished from governmental consciousness.

It's an appalling vacuum, and one which should naturally be filled from the left. Instead, here comes Douglas Hurd — the dry who pretends to be a wet pretending to be dry — talking about "social cohesion", "responsibility", and "the high moral ground". "We have to work out a new definition of 'good citizenship'", he said in a speech last week. "Strong and able people do not only have a responsibility to themselves and their families; they have a responsibility to the weak and less fortunate in the community." And it's not just a question of paying taxes: "successful people owe their fellow citizens a share of their time and money voluntarily given as well as another share of their money compulsorily taken in taxation."

The prospect of having our clothes stolen before we've even put them on is not, on inspection, as alarming as it sounds. Hurd's argument is mostly about the old High Tory virtue of *noblesse oblige*. He is stymied by having to make the ritual obeisance to the free market. Making money is still, it seems, our first obligation. Only then can we become model citizens in Hurd's novel sense of doing Good Works. Citizenship, reading between Hurd's lines, is for the few, not the many. It has to be earned; it has been *privatised*. There is nothing for the poor to do, except to wait for the beneficence of the rich.

It says nothing about how to deal with a growing underclass which has no stake in the social world and which, as Ralf Dahrendorf pointed out in these pages last year (*NS* 12 June 1987), has developed a violent, nihilistic culture which is spreading to mainstream society itself. Hurd himself says he is most worried about lawlessness and violence among those who are *not* the dispossessed. His concern is well-founded, but his solutions don't start to address the problem. His prime example of "good citizenship" is Neighbourhood Watch — a mostly middle-class self-defence league.

Besides, Hurd's emphasis on voluntary work, paradoxically, nullifies the idea of obligation. Social contract theories do at least turn on the notion of a *contract* — something which you *have* to do, not something you morally ought to do once you've made your pile. Hurd talks of responsibility, but it's an individualistic moral responsibility, not one derived from social obligation. Citizenship, à la Hurd, is actually destructive of the idea of society.

Obligation, in the sense of compelling duty, used to be present in non-conformist liberalism which grew into municipal socialism. It also had a strong religious basis, and it's instructive to see how sharply the Conservative Party deals with any attempts to rekindle the religious sense of outrage at the destruction of community.

A secular alternative can't be grounded in Tory ideology. The attempt to graft a sub-Disraeli appendix onto Thatcherism's body politic is plainly doomed. Hurd seems to see the difficulty, which is why he also talks about "social cohesion", based on "shared values" and — so help us God — "recognition of achievement". In his Tamworth speech in February, he was even more blunt: "Social cohesion is quite different from social equality, indeed the two are ultimately incompatible." Peregrine Worsthorne in last week's *Sunday Telegraph* also spelt it out: "social inequality is as essential a part of a well-ordered society as economic equality is of a prosperous society."

Of course, because Hurd doesn't believe that governments are actually capable of effecting change, there is no political route back to the neo-feudalism that he and Worsthorne espouse. All he can do is deliver moral homilies. But if neo-feudalism is the right's alternative to Thatcherism, then it becomes ever more urgent for citizenship to become a dominant theme of the left. We have to say loudly that we are in favour of a strong state and public power, but that the power has to be exercised by the community and on behalf of the community; and, crucially, that it has to be a community of equals. Citizenship is no more likely to trickle down from the top than wealth. It has to grow up from the bottom. □

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DIARY

Come next month, Margaret Thatcher will have been Prime Minister for nine years. At the epochal moment, in May 1979, I suggested in these pages that an appropriate mascot for the new "enterprise culture" would be Fat Stan Flashman, the ticket tout. I was wrong. Here is the most perfect tableau of Thatcherism: a flagellant prostitute, who has struggled to get herself officially recognised as a small business, spends thousands of pounds to buy at auction a feudal title. All one could wish for is there — the sexual ferocity lurkir 'hind middle-class respectability, the eye for tl aain chance, the acquisition of a bogus pedigre., the spurious sense of heritage, and, above all, the realisation that everything is for sale.

And it actually happened, last week in London. The prostitute was Lindi St Claire, famous for her leather-gear and her tax problems. The auctioneer was Ray Knappett of Strutt & Parker. The sale was of Lordships of the Manor, which carry no material or ceremonial benefits whatever. As Knappett told me, all you can dc with one is put it on your letter heading. The average price at last week's sale was £11,000 per title. The lordship of Stratford-Upon-Avon went for a record-breaking £87,000. Expensive writing paper.

Sale of these titles has been legal since the passing of the Law of Property Act in 1922, but it began in earnest only in 1981. The average price then was £2,000. Now nothing can be bought for less than £7,000. "It's a pretty strong market," Ray Knappett notes contentedly. The next auction of lordships will be in July, at Lord's cricket ground. Buy! Buy! Buy!

○

A couple in Essex, both in their 80s, tried to commit suicide last week. They had been ill. Apparently they did not want months of pain. They put all their papers in order and left a message on the answering machine of their daughter, who lives in America. Then, having taken overdoses of sleeping pills, they lay in each other's arms to await death together.

But the daughter returned home to find the phone message. She contacted the Essex police, who kicked in the couple's front door and dragged them off, barely alive, to Southend General Hospital. "We arrived literally in the nick of time," boasted Detective Chief Inspector Ken Smith.

In the nick of time for what? To thwart the couple's wish, calmly and rationally decided upon, for a peaceful end? To force them back into a world of which they had taken their leave? I can't imagine a better way of dying than that which they had chosen. But when my time comes I shall know not to leave a message on anyone's answering machine: my farewells will be sent by second-class post.

○

If I hear one more pompous word from the BBC's John Birt on the subject of journalistic excellence, I shall ululate uncontrollably. He was at it again last week, delivering an interminable speech — the text runs to 52 pages — to the Royal Television Society. Too many journalists, he said, had "a disdain for, and not just a healthy suspicion of, established centres of power". Another menacing force was "the developing culture of the 'investigative' journalist".

How does Birt apply his principles in practice? A few weeks ago I pointed to some of the notorious shortcomings of his brainchild at LWT, *Weekend World*. But perhaps I was unfair to mention only this one example. Birt has another journalistic memorial, though it is now largely forgotten: in the 1970s and early 1980s, he took time off from LWT to produce a number of "superinterviews" by David Frost. The subjects were Nixon (post-Watergate), Kissinger (post-Cambodia) and the Shah of Iran (after his fall). The programmes were impressively free of the taint of "investigative" journalism, and they certainly showed no "disdain" for the unsavoury guests. Nor, for that matter, did they betray even a healthy suspicion. They were, in fact, snow-jobs.

○

Talking of Nixon, I notice without surprise that his analysis of the US election continues to appear in the *Sunday Times* in spite of grumbles from this column. Indeed the old crook is so enjoying his new post that he has taken to introducing himself to strangers as "American correspondent of the London *Sunday Times*". But why stop there? Plenty of elder statesmen who meet the newspaper's standards have time on their hands. Jean Bedel Bokassa, who was twiddling his thumbs in Bangui jail when I last heard of him, would write fascinating articles on "Whither the OAU?" And for knowledge of the South-East Asian scene, Pol Pot has few rivals. If the *Sunday Times* is truly committed to its bold policy of hiring monsters — the unreadable in pursuit of the unemployable — there must be no half-measures.

○

In an Italian restaurant last weekend I found myself next to a table at which the conversation sounded like a *Sun* editorial conference. Hang terrorists, kick out foreigners (except Italian waiters, presumably) — that sort of thing. Then one man mentioned the American attack on Libya. "Bloody French," he grunted, "not letting the American planes from here fly in their air space on the way over. Maggie should have told the Americans to fly over anyway and drop a few bombs on the Frogs as well. That would teach them a lesson."

Many lessons were taught by the bombing of Libya two years ago. Two Britons in Lebanon, Leigh Douglas and Philip Padfield, were killed as a direct consequence of Margaret Thatcher's invovlement in the raid. Another, John McCarthy, was taken captive and never seen again. This Sunday is the second anniversary of his kidnapping. The British government hasn't bothered even to try to discover where he is or how he is.

A group known as the Friends of John McCarthy is now lobbying British MPs and Euro-MPs to change the government's policy of official inaction and indifference. They will be happy to send information about their campaign to anyone who — unlike the Prime Minister — is interested. Their address is PO Box 80, London WC1X 8XF, and they welcome donations.

○

Someone called Pippa Page contacts me with urgent news of "IBA censorship". My ears prick up. Then she elaborates. Her company makes and distributes a board game called *Who's Had Who?* The IBA has refused to accept commercials for the game until the name is changed. I am supposed to treat this as a major infringement of civil liberty. Oh dear, oh dear.

Anyway, the stand against the tyrannous IBA has not lasted long. The makers have now decided to relaunch their product under the name Celebrity Gossip, so there will be a television advertising campaign after all. They have made one other slight change. To win, Page explains, you have to build up a "lay-line" (geddit?) by "rogering" people. "The word rogering has had to be changed to flirting, so now the game could not in any way be considered offensive. Though I don't personally think the word rogering is offensive, do you." Well, actually I think it's hideous. But so is the game. "Raucous, flirtatious, at times almost tender," the publicity bumf warbles, "the game allows you to pretend you are becoming intimate with one of the largest range of celebrities available in any adult board game the world over . . . The opportunity to mix, mingle and come to know your favourite celebrities from Ryan O'Neal to Joan Collins, and explore the intriguing world of Celebrity Gossip amongst the glamorous jet set." Roger and out.

Francis Wheen

ROGER WODDIS

Unruly Royal

Norman Tebbit, the former Tory party chairman, said in a BBC Panorama interview that if Prince Charles advocated "a Labour Party solution that would begin to get dangerous and would mean that he had taken things too far."

Among our ancient mountains,
And from our lovely vales,
Oh let the curse re-echo:
"God damn the Prince of Wales!"

To quell a proper Charlie
Who doesn't know his place,
Best put the Chingford boot in
And tell him, "Shut your face!"

Your ideal British monarch
Is one without a brain;
Concern for urban horror
Would mean an acid reign.

There are a hundred answers
When Tebbit's views are aired;
But Norman French or modern,
The right response is "Merde!"

Put not your trust in princes
Or democratic power;
If they become a danger,
Remove them to the Tower.

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Poor people's Budget

WILL THIS week's social security overhaul provoke mere short-term controversy, with all the seemingly dull detail of benefit entitlement quickly receding into its customary place, very much the Third Division (North) of political concern? Or has the government unleased changes that will run and run as an issue as their full impact is appreciated by public and parliament alike? There is certainly unease on government benches: the *Independent*'s survey showed that almost two-thirds of the 100 Tory MPs interviewed expressed concern on this issue. Their advice surgeries in coming weeks may quickly confirm their fears.

Predictions about winners and losers are about as varied — and some as reliable — as those voiced recently at Aintree. Only 12 per cent will lose from the reform, says Mrs Thatcher. But the government's own Social Security Advisory Committee estimates the figure at 43 per cent. Much depends on the base line for comparison and calculations regarding the loss of single payments. What is clear is that there will be many anomalies, administrative accidents and much anxiety. It may have only been a few weeks ago, but the bountiful Budget introduced by Nigel "loads of money" Lawson is lights years away from this reshuffling of the poverty pack, as CPAG has called it.

But the critical commentator would do well to step back a few paces from the immediate arguments, as should those looking for alternative strategies. Current controversy may encourage bad policy in the longer term.

Some key features of the social security system provide a starting point. First, there is the distorting impact of mass unemployment. Benefits for the unemployed made up less than 8 per cent of total social security spending in 1979/80, but had doubled to 15 per cent by 1987/88. That represents almost £7 billion, too many claimants, and too stretched a system. If our public assistance programme, now rechristened Income Support, is a safety net, it is the numbers dependent on it, as much as the new changes, which explain why it is at breaking point.

Second, the incomes of elderly people are being significantly reduced by policy changes which have been largely forgotten amid current excitement. Two developments — the breaking of the index link between pensions and incomes, back in 1980, and more recent changes to SERPS — mean that the incomes of tomorrow's pensioners will be substantially lower than they would otherwise have been. And these changes affecting most significantly Britain's poorer pensioners — current and future — are happening at the precise time when new policies offer a better deal to those in private pension schemes. Our two nations in old age will grow further apart,

Third, watch out for child support, which could quickly emerge as the new battleground in social security. The more generous Family Credit, in place of Family Income Supplement, could be the first step towards the means testing of child benefit itself — now frozen and subject to an internal government review.

Fourth — and much neglected — is the position of Britain's growing number of one parent families — half of whom draw Income Support. Their position requires a more radical think-through — including the role of childcare and employment opportunities — than that provided by the government's Social Security reviews.

Formulating an alternative social strategy will involve more fundamental matters than a mere reaction to this week's reforms.

Malcolm Wicks

If the caption fits

No 63

Last week Mrs T. visited Turkey and spent some time with the "adoring" — or so the *Sunday Telegraph* maintained — Prime Minister Turgut Ozal. Had we not had the photo presented to us in this light we might very well have thought he had reared back rather suddenly to avoid a clip around the ear. Over to you. Entries on pc's please by Friday, 29 April. £10 book token for the winner.

No 61: Winner

Mrs T. "Got it! The last Labour Party leaflet — that just about wraps it up for socialism." (*Cynthia Dereli, Burscough, Lancs.*) *Runner up:* Mrs T. "I think we've got enough now to supply lavatory paper to all the remaining NHS hospitals . . ." (*Eileen Hall, Worthing.*)

Crook books

AMERICAN book publishers are facing one of their toughest legal battles in years. They are challenging state legislatures under the US constitution's first amendment right to free speech.

The "Son of Sam" laws — named after the serial killer of the late seventies, David Berkowitz

— force publishers to hand over to the state any money owed to criminals whose stories they have published. Thirty-three states have the laws on their statute books, and the remaining 17 are expected to follow by the end of the year. Details differ but each state's law is based on the principle that the first beneficiary of proceeds from such books should be victims of crimes or their relatives.

The states argue they are not preventing publication of books by or about criminals, merely stopping criminals from profiting from them. But publishers, authors and civil rights groups argue that the law breaches the First Amendment.

They point to such works as black activist Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul On Ice* and John Dean's post-Watergate *Blind Ambition,* as examples of valuable books that may have been lost had such laws been in force at the time they were written.

The arguments are being rehearsed in three cases going through the courts in New York: Scarsdale murderer Jean Harris's *A Stranger In Two Worlds*, Nicholas Pileggi and Henry Hill's *Wiseguy* and former *Wall Street Journal* writer R. Foster Winans's *Trading Secrets.* All three books, say their defenders, provide valuable insights into prison conditions, the Mafia and securities fraud respectively; the kind of insights it would be difficult to get in any way other than first-hand.

Two major cases in separate states have already established important principles. In the case of New York high society madam Sydney Biddle Barrow's biography, *Mayflower Madam,* the state ruled that there must be a victim willing and able to claim compensation — which none of Barrow's patrons were able to do, since they would have to admit the crime themselves. While in New Jersey, the author Flora Rheta Schreiber and her publishers won a ruling in the case of her biography of killer Joseph Kallinger, on the grounds that the law was not intended to reach the proceeds of the author and publisher, only the perpetrator of the crime. However, the question of whether the law itself is unconstitutional remains unresolved.

As for Britain, legal experts say it's not inconceivable "Son of Sam"-style laws could be introduced here. Indeed, they argue, it might be easier. Mrs Thatcher's dual policy of media-bashing and greater emphasis on victims of crime has already laid the groundwork. And without a formal bill of rights, a victim who challenged the publisher of the story of their trauma might get a sympathetic hearing in the courts.

Louis Heaton

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Cleveland: £4m up the spout?

THE CLEVELAND enquiry is due to report next month. Mrs Justice Butler-Sloss spent 70 days listening to evidence; her enquiry cost £4 million. And yet if she makes central the public view of the furore — parents' rights v professional rights — she may end up answering the wrong questions and so fail to protect sexually abused children.

Cleveland has polarised the question of whether children thought to be abused should stay with their parents or be removed. As a result it seems as if the question of removing the offender will be left unexplored. As with the real problem of how best o protect children from sexual abuse.

In this context "parents' rights" make little sense: most sexual abuse happens within the family and fathers or father-figures are the biggest known group of abusers. The rights of mothers and fathers to keep their children may thus be sharply different. In Cleveland this has been fudged: the press, MPs and judges have talked about "parents" as a single distraught being with two heads.

Yet police and social workers recognise the difference: in many cases they already resort to informal pressure to persuade a suspect to leave home during investigations into the family's future. In some areas of the country the mother is also given support and resources to keep the rest of the family together and functioning.

But if, as is most common, the offender is not removed, what are the options for the children? Leaving them with proven abusers is no solution: there is a high re-offending rate and as yet little sucess with "treatment". And leaving them in the home with a father suspected of abuse while investigations are carried out may also expose them to further assaults.

Taking children into care is, ironically, a sign of sexual abuse at last being taken seriously. But it makes children feel they are to blame; it is upsetting, disruptive, even traumatic. And it carries its own dangers. A foster home or an institution doesn't offer automatic santuary, as Kincora showed most dramatically.

Clearly, most foster parents are well intentioned. But as Keith Pringle, of Barnados North East Family Placement Project, has made clear: "Clearly, some foster parents do abuse children in their care. Unless we acknowledge this problem we will not be able to counter it. It is vital to give foster parents the message that as adults they have the responsibility not only to control the unacceptable behaviour of young people but also their own".

Another worker in the field, Jan Mcleod, of Glasgow's Women's Support Group, recalled "half a dozen cases recently where young women whose fathers had abused them came to us to say their parents are applying to be foster parents".

Children who escape from one abusive carer to another are in an acutely bewildering situation. "It's especially hard," said Mcleod, "for someone to admit the same thing happened with different people. Talking to adult survivors we often find that very late on they will admit two people abused them but they felt this stretches the bounds of possibility. And the men involved know it is most unlikely the children will be believed again."

In fact, children who have already been abused are in particular danger: "This reflects general attitudes towards women and girls", said Mcleod. "If you are damaged goods, it doesn't matter what happens to you." This is compounded by the children's own behaviour. They often suffer from low self-esteem and so are less able to protect themselves.

Professionals now admit that it is impossible to identify which men (and 97 per cent of abusers are men) are likely to abuse, said Mcleod: all kinds of families are involved. "But respectable, articulate people are not the sort of people they want to challenge about sexual abuse and they are also the sort professionals are looking for as carers."

The logical conclusion seems to be that safety for an abused child away from home can only be guaranteed with female relatives or carers. But theories of children in care needing "positive" male role models, "normal" substitute families, "normal" integration in residential homes, make such a suggestion politically unacceptable. Even before Clause 28 any whisper that lesbian couples might have an important role to play would have sent shudders through town halls.

Sarah Nelson

WestTinders
LIGHTS! ACTION!! ROLL THE TRACK!!! CAMERA!!!
FROM APRIL 11TH MANY MORE PEOPLE WILL BE ENTITLED..
..TO HELP WITH THEIR....
TWANG
LOOK HAPPY Y'BASTARDS!
CUT!! CALL THE BLOOD WAGON!! SCRAPERS! SCRAPERS!!!
CRUMP
BRING ON THE OLD BAG WITH THE BUCKET OF FLASH! TAKE FIVE, SWEETHEARTS!!!
OKAY KID - YOU CAN INTERVIEW ME NOW. WHADDYA WANNA KNOW?? WHAT'S IT FOR???
IT'S FOR MY FILM STUDIES THESIS, MR SNUFFSMACKER
..COULD YOU PERHAPS EXPLAIN THE SYMBOLISM IN THIS ADVERT YOU'RE FILMING AT THE MOMENT?
YEAH, WELL, IT'S A GOVERNMENT AD...
..SOMETHING TO DO WITH SOCIAL SECURITY, THE AGENCY WANTED A LOAD OF ORDINARY-TYPE PUNTERS FLOATING DOWN OUT OF THE SKY ONTO A BIG MAP OF BRITAIN LOOKING NORMAL AND HAPPY. OURS NOT TO REASON WHY, OLD SON!!!
TECHNICALLY IT PRESENTS A BIG CHALLENGE AND THAT'S WHERE I SEE MY MAJOR CREATIVE INPUT AS BEING, AS A CRAFT PRACTITIONER.....
MR SNUFFSMACKER!
WHAT IS IT, CANDICE??
MR SNUFFSMACKER, THE CAST+CREW ARE REFUSING TO WORK WITHOUT A SAFETY NET!!!
TELL 'EM TO FUCK OFF, BUT DO IT NICELY, EH CANDICE??
CAN'T DO THIS, CAN'T DO THAT - BLOODY NAMBY PAMBIES WANT FUCKING FEATHERBEDDING - I TELL YOU: THATCHER'S RIGHT - THIS BLOODY INDUSTRY IS THE LAST BASTION OF.....SHIT.... I LOST ME THREAD...WHERE WAS I???
I WAS ASKING YOU ABOUT THE SYMBOL-ISM IN THIS ADVERT-
-WHAT DOES IT ACTUALLY MEAN ALL THIS BUSINESS WITH PEOPLE DROPPING OUT OF THE SKY???
SEARCH ME - I'M AN ARTIST NOT AN INTELLECTUAL... JESUS CANDICE!! TELL THOSE LOW LIFE SCUMBAGS NO FUCKIN' SAFETY NET - THAT'S FINAL!!!
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Enterprise culture hits the NHS

HEALTH AUTHORITY officials in Cornwall and the Isles of Scilly are hoping to embrace the success of the area's leading industry, tourism, in an attempt to stem a financial crisis that has already closed two hospitals and a casualty department.

Ice cream kiosks in hospital car parks is one of the schemes suggested by an authority working party set up to look at ways of using private enterprise to raise cash. It also plans to charge visitors for the use of hospital car parks, sell greetings cards and introduce banking facilities and cash dispensers.

The district health authority has only avoided a £1.1 million crisis by a series of deeply unpopular cuts, including the closure last Sunday of the 80-bed Tehidy hospital at Camborne. Tehidy was built by public subscription as a memorial to Cornwall's First World War casualties but now seems likely to end up a private nursing home.

Other cuts have included closure of Bolitho maternity hospital at Penzance, the casualty department at Falmouth and the scrapping of the hospital car service.

Leasing hospital premises to local businesses is part of a nine-point plan which officials hope will raise £100,000 from the private sector. They are also considering direct telephone lines to taxi firms and the possibility of video advertising to patients.

Hospital staff are being offered "cash incentives" to come up with other ideas. But the authority's general manager George Owens thinks it will be a long time before the enterprise culture embraces the entire NHS. Even if the current plan realises £100,000, that will be only 0.125 per cent of his annual budget.

Graham Smith

Tax Trap

THE POLL TAX legislation returns to the Commons for its report stage on Monday, when it will present the opposition parties with an important tactical vote. The amendment tabled by Conservative MP Michael Mates is the last chance to relate the tax, albeit crudely, to people's ability to pay.

Mates proposes to tie the "community charge" to income tax levels. Simply put, people paying standard-rate tax would pay a standard charge; those on the top rate would pay 150 per cent; and those not paying tax would pay a 50 per cent charge, with extra rebates similar to those proposed by Nicholas Ridley.

Figures produced by Chris Pond, director of the Low Pay Unit, show that while the amendment would benefit the low paid and people whose earnings fall below the tax threshold, an earnings trap would be created. A pay rise of £1 per week would cost a single person earning £50 gross £1.80. A married couple with two children on £75 would be left £3 worse off by a £5 wage rise. Both would have passed from the lower into the standard band.

Mates has enlisted 40 Conservative rebels. Between them and the government, the issue is one of principle. Nicholas Ridley insists on a flat-rate charge, the rebels want it linked to ability to pay.

The Social and Liberal Democrats also want that link and will definitely support Mates — "Not with any enthusiasm," their spokesperson said, "but it might be all that's on offer, and if passed it could scupper the whole bill."

What of Labour? At the launch of the People's Petition Against the Poll Tax, Neil Kinnock appeared to dismiss the Mates amendment. But his environment spokesperson John Cunningham has now told *New Statesman* that Labour's decision depends on the strength of the Tory revolt. "Any vote which can stop this tax in its tracks is attractive to us," he said.

Don Redding

Most likely to succeed

A POLL of Labour's class of '87 has revealed that the man to watch in the Labour Party is John Smith.

In a survey conducted by Channel 4's *A Week in Politics* among Labour MPs elected for the first time last year, the member for Monklands East was suggested as the next leader, should Kinnock resign, by 21 of the 38 who expressed a preference.

Most of the MPs were asked who they would like to succeed Kinnock before Benn and Heffer made their leadership bids.

Once the contest was under way Kinnock got the backing of 86 per cent of the 49 who took part in the poll and Benn 14 per cent. The deputy leadership preferences was a closer thing, Hattersley was supported by 46 per cent, Prescott by 25 per cent and Heffer 10 per cent. ●

Paton's nightmare came true

IN 1948 two seemingly disparate events occurred in South Africa: Dr Malan's National Party took power and promptly circled the constitutional wagons on the veldt to hoist the flag of apartheid; while on a hill in Natal an obscure school teacher called Alan Paton published a novel *Cry, the Beloved Country*.

With the death of Alan Paton this week at the age of 85, the chasm between those two South African visions of life could hardly be wider and brings into perspective the extraordinary power that a single book can have. Perhaps more than anything else it succeeded in opening the first window on life in South Africa; since its publication it has been an international bestseller. Long before Sharpeville and Soweto and long before television, the enchanting power of Paton's tale gave generations a commitment towards justice in South Africa. ▷

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A few years before his death the authorities finally put the book on the school syllabus. One of his greatest pleasures, he told me, was to be invited to schools across South Africa to talk about it.

"I suppose that was when the book came to life again for me," he said. "It's strange how years after you have written something you almost feel it was written by someone else. At the end the greatest achievement for me was not its success or its critical acclaim but the fascination I discovered in the children as they read it and talked to me about it. At times I felt like an outsider looking in on all of this."

Alan Paton was born in Pietermaritzburg in Natal in 1903. After an early career in teaching, he became the principal of a reformatory school. It was while he was on a worldwide tour of reformatories that he began the novel. Its publication in 1948, closely followed by the film dramatisation, established it as a modern classic.

In 1953 Paton abandoned writing for a period to devote himself to the then newly-formed Liberal Party. An organisation of blacks and whites, the party was attempting to challenge the Nationalist government at the onset of apartheid. With members drawn mainly from the English-speaking community, it was soon sidelined as the political scene developed into a struggle between the ANC and the National Party. After the treason trials, the baning of the ANC and the jailing of Mandela the crackdown was complete.

The Liberal Party disbanded in May 1968, while Paton was president. Following the Prohibition of Political Interference Bill which outlawed multi-racial parties they had no choice but to close their doors.

It was the measure of what was to come in South Africa that 20 years ago there was nowhere in the political system for humanitarians like him. He abandoned active politics to write again and in recent years was a widely quoted and powerful critic of the Pretoria regime. But his outlook was complicated; for example, he totally opposed economic sanctions, pointing to the effect it would have on the thousands of Africans on the breadline; and in 1971 he had been lukewarm about the introduction of the homeland developments. He later admitted he had been totally wrong.

Paton had just completed the third volume of his autobiographical trilogy (due to be published this month). Curiously for a country which boasts an extensive list of banned writers, he was never listed. No doubt his international reputation, established before the National Party was firmly in control, forestalled a ban.

Alan Paton lived just long enough to finally witness the end of all freedom of expression or of political organisation in South Africa. With a blanket press ban and the townships under military occupation, the Pretoria regime is struggling to survive the apartheid monster it itself created, which has now resurfaced in the guise of the Conservative Party.

Ironically, it has all come to pass as Paton warned it would.

Tom McGurk

NEW STATESMAN INDEX

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POLITICAL SKETCH

The Foothills of Error?

Edward Pearce

ALL RETURNS after breaks are dispiriting occasions. A period of not legislating, of not letting loose the bright and clamorous talents of Mr Moore and the sandpaper personality of Mr Ridley, even, for that matter, of not laying us open to the outrage-squeak of the dimmer bits of the Opposition, seems in weather as good as this a policy worth keeping up.

But what will matter, once we get settled down again, will be radical policies put aggressively to the test. It is a virtue in the Conservative government that its worst enemies cannot accuse it of being stuck in the mud or moored to time present, hoping that nothing very much is going to happen. "Conservatives," they used to say when one was very young, "don't want to change anything. Labour want to change everything very much and the Liberals want to change some things just a bit". That was everyone's first lesson in politics at the age of six, and it won't wash.

If ever there was a party which wanted to change just a few things a very little bit it is the united brotherhood under the unchallenged leadership of Mr Kinnock: and if ever there was a party given over to tearing the present indicative tense up into small squares and buying in a bright, shiny, cost-effective replacement, it is the party of national order, patriotism and our nation's heritage.

Admittedly, so far from sticking in the mud, some of the more go-ahead Conservative ministers seem bent on excavating it down to the jurassic level and have brought their earth removers, but there is nothing lax or lotus-eating about their approach. The three issues which will determine the future for us, discounting unforseeable things, future Westlands and such like, are the poll tax, the health service and the benefit system. It is Conservative policy to introduce the first, economise on the second and change the third beyond recognition. Triumphalism is going into overdrive.

Education may be a fourth zone of contention, but I am inclined to agree with the anonymous Tory MP, quoted in last Monday's *Independent* survey, who said "On education we are cutting with the grain, on the poll tax we are cutting against it".

Morality is for a better class of person. Let us be political. Will they work to the advantage of the party promoting them, these policies, or will they blow up in somebody's face?

Labour and SLD alike must recognise that their chance may come by the failure of audacity, the defeat of original thinking and the humilation of positive ideas. Bad thoughts, unjust ideas and an audacity born of arrogance they may be, but as the guardian of the status quo plus five per cent, the Opposition has to realise that its future turns upon the fast blunting of a sharp edge now being turned confidently to policy. That is not the way Labour thought in the forties or even in the sixties; and as a call to arms such small-c conservatism has too much of the quality of a wail about it. But it just might work.

Not for nothing do many Tories talk lovingly about consolidation. The poll tax is just such an idea as a man impatient with muddle and candidly contemptuous of small town democracy might impose in the best pro-consular way from above. But electorally it is rich in estrangements. Jeff Rooker, always one for homework, has pointed to a sample in his own constituency which shows a net number of losers — higher contributors — even when one compares equal numbers of taxed heads per household, like with like. It does so precisely because of the number of older and consequently low rated properties.

Once we come into the field of statutory adults living at home, young single people without property paying a local government tax as never before, we are into what the stock market elegantly calls "downside potential". It is a doom almost computed to fall upon the sort of people dislodging themselves from the classical working class and edging their way up. The poll tax makes no sort of sense to the members of Gavin Laird's and Eric Hammond's unions and to people like them, the talented industrial interim class whose erosion from Labour has been its calamity. So if Mr Ridley chooses to be a reverse recruiting officer, who is complaining?

On the issue of poverty, claimants and benefits, it is very doubtful that much political effect will be felt. The British public are not uncompassionate but in the manner of an Alan Bennett Mum, they are sniffy about people who can't cope. "They've only got themselves to blame" is a Thatcher impulse long antedating Carbolic M. herself. Ironically, politicians, including a good proportion of Tory politicians, are far more responsive, better informed and aware of the nightmarish recesses of poverty than the broad electorate.

Health and the NHS, however, seize the public psyche in an entirely different way, one not at all helpful to the Conservatives. The voters, not an unkindly lot, look at these issues rather as Princess Anne looks at Aids. People in hospital are innocent victims. And if things get notably and measurably worse in a way that really comes home to the public, John Moore will go down in history as the hissable villain whose blunders set the principal boyo free to win the hand of Goldilocks.

The electorate is actually on a rough wavelength with Labour's own, too often lacrimose and moaning, stand on health care. Proper doctoring, far above council housing, is seen as a birthright. All those adjectives I used above — audacious, original and positive — may indeed apply. But when the sick are told to stand on their own two feet at the moment they entertained hopes of being allowed into a hospital bed, the instruction is stunningly bad politics.

The oppositions are defeatist at present, partly because they have taken too many knocks and because they have a pretty high private threshold to their own public indignation. Too much outrage has sapped conviction. But we may conceivably be in the foothills of a mountain range of ministerial error. We should be very attentive for the next twelve to 18 months. These could just be such policies as no Saatchi will mend. □

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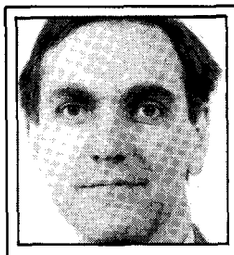

BEN PIMLOTT

What is a "campaign"? One thing it is not is biff, thwack, thud

CAN LABOUR be both a "campaigning" party, and a modernising one capable of winning the votes of middle opinion? So far in the increasingly wearisome leadership contest, the assumption on all sides has been that the two things are incompatible. Yet this week it should be more evident than ever that they need to be combined.

You don't have to be a socialist to see the 1986 Social Security Act, which slid into effect on Monday, as a particularly sinister bit of legislation. Hostility towards it has been widespread across the spectrum. According to a survey in the *Independent*, even in the Tory party, two out of three MPs are seriously worried about its extremism.

Billed as radical, it is nothing of the kind: rather, the re-heating of an old meal, distinguished mainly by a reduction in the size of portions and by the gracelessness with which in future they will be doled out. The purpose is to save money; the language is that of Samuel Smiles; and the stratagem — so often employed by this government — is to cover tracks by spreading the burden unevenly.

"The best role for Labour Party members would be in a campaign to help the nation rediscover its conscience. The Social Security Act provides an opening. Not for a long time has a law united responsible opinion so firmly behind it"

An overriding aim is to discourage claims and to brand those who make them marginal, feckless and inferior citizens. Described as a simplified system, it confronts the would-be claimant with a 19-page application form of jungle-like complexity. Presented as an incentive to work and thrift, its ill-thought out provisions may prove detrimental to both. The rigidity of its rules removes a necessary element of official discretion, exposes social workers to impossible risks should they wish to be flexible, strips claimants of basic rights and protection (for example, against racial discrimination) and cuts assistance to particular groups, such as home-owners or families with disabled children. A minority of the deprived will marginally gain. Thus, the state-directed mugging of an octogenarian gran will be balanced by increased benefits to a single-parent family. Such divide-and-rule tactics, however, serve only to cloak the central intention. In a year in which the Chancellor has given out to better-off taxpayers a cool £2 billion, the plan is to claw back half a billion from the poor.

Some of it may end up causing Mrs Thatcher more trouble than it is worth. Her own Social Security Advisory Committee told her bluntly that the Social Fund system — whereby those in need of basic items are to be given loans, not one-off payments — is unworkable. In general, however, the pushing into greater misery of the worst-off section of the community is likely to take place unnoticed. It is remarkable how much malnutrition among the young or premature death among the old the public can stand, provided nobody rubs their noses in it.

WHICH BRINGS US to Labour and Britain's present lack of effective opposition. Part of the brilliance of this government lies in its realisation that few votes are to be lost by hammering the poor if you do it judiciously. By rewarding the powerful and earning the gratitude of the articulate at the expense of the demoralised who lack a voice, the Tories have maintained a rock-hard coalition of middle-class and better-off working-class voters. Labour's problem is to find a formula to prevent the maintenance of this arrangement in perpetuity.

So what is to be done about the great, expanded British underclass? Labour's infertile leadership debate is offering two exclusive answers. One comes from Kinnock/Hattersley, with the backing of the high command at Walworth Road. The second is put forward eloquently by Tony Benn and vigorously by Eric Heffer and pugnacious John, with the backing of many active trade unionists and local party members. Despite grandiose statements about aims and objectives, the difference between them has little to do with anything as imposing as "philosophy".

The first answer, crudely put, is that there is nothing for Labour to do except become the government and Labour cannot become the government simply on the backs of the poor because there aren't enough of them. Hence there have to be sweetmeats called "policies" (in the last century they used barrels of beer) to win the hearts and minds of the better off. Of course the poor are still important, but after an election, not before. Before an election, if you talk too much about them, the key constituency of the prosperous might get bored, and put off.

The second answer doesn't care much about distant Labour governments or opinion polls but wants a faith to live, to fight and if necessary to die (politically) by. It is suspicious of people who, it believes, care mainly about their own prospects of office. It queries marketing fads. Above all it is restless. Three or four years before an election it wants to be told something more exciting than "don't rock the boat", or "wait until the Policy Review computer comes up with something the voters will go for". It regards Labour Listens as at best patronising and at worst downright cynical. The writer Storm Jameson described an identical mood when Labour was similarly in the doldrums over half a century ago. Socialism, she wrote,

> like any other faith, loses its power with us in measure as it ceases to be a faith and becomes an establishment. Communism, like Fascism, lives because it gives the people something hard to do. Go out and get your head broken at Olympia. Stand for hours in the rain selling the *Daily Worker*. The command "go" is a force releasing and recreating energy. The prohibition "Don't go" creates nothing except apathy and the feeling of discouragement and emptiness. If our leaders said to us, "Go and demonstrate for socialism", that would be something. They don't. They say "sit at home, draw the curtains, keep calm, don't get excited, enthusiasm is unnecessary unless we happen to want it for some gesture allowed for in the plan of action we keep filed away for use some time.

The dichotomy between the two points of view — "Don't go" and "Go" — is ancient and it will never be resolved. Yet mutual accommodation, if not actual reconciliation, is possible.

Socialism cannot be static. That is or ought to be the point of the Labour policy review (see Stephen Howe's review on page 10). But equally the desire of many people to see Labour not as a fan club but as a movement is — goodness knows — appropriate for our time.

A PARTY, after all, is only as good as its members, and it makes sense to think carefully about how best to involve them.

"Part of the brilliance of this government lies in its realisation that few votes are to be lost by hammering the poor if you do it judiciously. By rewarding the powerful, the Tories have maintained a rock-hard coalition of middle class and better off working class voters"

The biggest and best role at present would be to bring unions, party members and other interested individuals together in a campaign to help the nation rediscover its conscience. What is a campaign? It has to be more than selling newspapers in the rain. What it requires most of all is coordination. The implementation of the Social Security Act provides an opening. Not for a long time has a law united organised and responsible opinion so firmly against it. That, undoubtedly, is the basis for an informal popular front and the start of a process of consensus building.

Tony Benn has accused Neil Kinnock of "SDP-type policies". Biff. Neil Kinnock has called Tony Benn's candidature "daft and futile". Thwack. A leading Prescottite has described Roy Hattersley as "better known as a journalist than a socialist". Thud. Who cares? Who wants to know? The best way for ordinary folk to show their distaste about the whole self-serving and undignified affair might be to demand, at every public opportunity, a genuine political crusade directed outwards. The message, indeed, is one jointly for modernisers and campaigners: the task of leading opinion cannot just be left to the bishops and the princes. □

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First foot out into the vague blue yonder

Having seen some early products of Labour's policy review,* STEPHEN HOWE *predicts the big policy change on defence, spots some serious gaps and identifies the people whose thumbprints are on the documents

THE FIRST phase of Labour's effort at renewal is drawing to a close. The seven policy review groups present their interim reports by the end of April, intended to set guidelines for the more detailed work to follow. Drafts of some of these are already in circulation, though most are behind schedule. The National Executive will debate them in early May. Then they go before party conference in October.

Just *how* the review statements will go to conference is not clear. Some party officials seem to be assuming that the seven reports will be consolidated into a single document, to be debated as a whole. They speculate about a backstage power struggle over who should draft this document. Campaigns Director Peter Mandelson, though, expresses his preference for each report being debated separately. The final decision may well rest with the Conference Arrangements Committee and its veteran chair, Derek Gladwin.

Either way, there will be a dramatic change in the format of the Labour conference. Ironically it, or those parts of it devoted to the policy debate, will move closer to the classic model of a Communist Party conference, with set-piece debates on a long policy statement from the leadership. There will presumably be room for amendments, but the pressure will be on for acceptance or rejection *in toto*, and for the political marginalisation of the rejectionists.

Meanwhile, Hattersley and Kinnock's "Statement of Aims and Values" has fought off the feeble challenges of Tony Benn's alternative draft (not even discussed by the National Executive) and Ken Livingstone's mass of amendments (every clause contemptuously tossed out by a monolithic 22-4 majority). Other aspirant statements of party philosophy, like the manifesto issued by David Blunkett and Bernard Crick, and that commissioned by Shadow Treasury spokesperson Gordon Brown for the Tribune Group of MPs, have sunk without trace. In parallel with the review procedure, the last of the main national "Labour Listens" events takes place in mid-April.

Overshadowing all this now, though, is the leadership struggle: Benn's hopeless assault on Kinnock and the weightier contest — in every sense — between Hattersley, Heffer and Prescott. Peter Mandelson last week was sanguine about the impact of the challenge on the review, saying it would "sharpen" policy information by providing additional focus and clarity. Other senior party figures are less cheerful, seeing two possible scenarios. One is that the leadership election will come to be *about* the review, with firing-lines drawn up over the early results and likely direction of policy reform. Early soundings from the Benn camp point in this direction, expressing his and others' belief that the review has a hidden agenda of centrist policies.

One result of the leadership fight taking this route, welcomed by many on the right but viewed with dismay by Kinnockite leftwingers, would be to force the leader to commit himself publicly on policy shifts where he has thus far remained seemingly agnostic. Kinnock has, according to review co-ordinator Tom Sawyer of NUPE, adopted a genuinely "hands-off" stance; he has never yet attended a review group meeting or pressed Sawyer for particular outcomes.

> *"With more substance in its denials than in its affirmations, the Statement of Democratic Socialist Aims and Values contains neither new ideas nor stirring phrases. As one Executive member sighed it's unlikely to lodge in the imaginations of the electorate"*

This abstention, if genuine, couldn't last. The temptation for Kinnock not only to come off the fence but to go further and make policy on the campaign trail, pre-empting the future work of the review bodies, is too great. On Sunday's *Weekend World* he made some pretty specific comments about the tax policy.

The other scenario is of course that the review, with the attendant emphasis on listening, will simply be swept aside by the addictive excitements of a personal power struggle. Some National Executive members speculate that this is what Benn really wants. They even say that he sees it as a prelude to splitting the party; that he now believes Ralph Miliband to have been right all along — Labour cannot be made into a truly socialist party and eventually a new formation must bid for that role. (The idea also has Peregrine Worsthorne's enthusiastic support in a typically eccentric *Sunday Telegraph* leader, predicting the revival of "British Communism".) The paradox would be that those who have most coherently argued the case for Labour's irreformability see the trades unions as the deadweight dragging the party away from socialism, whereas Benn and Co. make defence of the union link central to their indictment of the leadership.

The 41 per cent of Labour MPs found by the *Independent* (12 February) to be suspicious or sceptical of the policy review might welcome its submersion in a flood of intra-party electoral rhetoric. So might the 100 per cent of newspaper editors estimated to share their view.

That journalistic scepticism has been evident in left periodicals too. The scorn of the ultra-left's journals, *Militant, Briefing, et al*, for the review was predictable and worries no one at Westminster or Walworth Road. What should perhaps cause more concern is the reaction of "soft left" organs, from *Tribune*'s ever-sharper cynicism ("the political equivalent of broad lapels and flared trousers" was its editorial judgment last week) through the Labour Co-ordinating Committee's *Chartist* with its grumbles about "managed consultation" to Eric Hobsbawn's demolition of the Hattersley-Kinnock statement in *Marxism Today*. Tom Sawyer, apparently more alert to these complaints that many of his colleagues, cites the negative tone of left press comment on the review as one of his two main disappointments with the whole process. The other, unsurprisingly, is the hostility or inactivity of some constituency parties over Labour Listens — though the Panglossian Mandelson, again, claims to have experienced nothing but goodwill from local Labour parties.

Creeping SDPism

What, then, has emerged so far from the review process, and what evidence is there for these dark rumours of hidden agendas, managed consultation and creeping SDPism?

There is first and foremost the "Statement of Democratic Socialist Aims and Values". Though amended in rather peripheral ways on suggestions from various National Executive and shadow cabinet members, this is very much the personal project of Kinnock, and, more, of Hattersley. As has been widely noted, it's virtually a summary of the latter's worthy but plodding update of Crosland, *Choose Freedom*. No one else seems to pretend much enthusiasm for it. With more substance in its denials than in its affirmations, it contains neither new ideas nor stirring phrases. It has especially disappointed those who looked to it for the *language* of future campaigns, the raw material of election slogans. As one National Executive member sighed in weary understatement, it's unlikely to lodge in the imaginations of the electorate.

There seems indeed to be some drawing back from earlier assertions that the document would set a framework for the activities of the review groups. Peter Mandelson now suggests that three quite distinct tasks are under way: the reaffirmation of "timeless" socialist values as undertaken by the leaders; fresh thinking, of a concrete rather

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Will the next manifesto be more to his personal design?

than conceptual sort, on policies in the review itself and the job of presenting policies in an immediately understandable and electorally appealing form. The widespread if implicit downgrading of the "Aims and Values" statement may in part reflect a familiar Labour distaste for theory, but it also stems from a recognition of intellectual vulnerability , already all too apparent in the defensiveness of the document itself.

There is an obvious tension, too, between those who emphasise the need for coherent and comprehensive policy and those most interested in its electoral saleability. No one outside the Benn camp claims these are incompatible commitments, but there's an ill-concealed impatience in some quarters at "abstraction" and over-elaborated policy. One source groaned about "ill-written, ill-planned, impossibly wordy" drafts coming from the Walworth Road Policy Directorate, for which endorsement was expected at a few hours notice. NUPE research head Adam Sharples warned at the outset that the principle to apply should be "If it ain't broke, don't fix it". This applied both to existing Labour policies and to the world at large; the temptation to draw up "grand schemes for the reform of everything" should be avoided.

The seven policy review groups have each met an average of seven or eight times since being convened in December. Their reports, now being drafted, are not intended at this stage as conclusive statements of Labour policies, but outlines of approaches and priorities. Some groups, it seems, have interpreted this brief in broader terms than others. The economic and industrial policy group, A Productive and Competitive Economy, jointly led by Bryan Gould and John Evans, has remained mostly at a very general level of discussion. Few specific policy lines have been mapped out and, critics mutter, few tough questions yet faced. In particular, the problem of finding plausible and attractive alternative forms of social ownership to traditional nationalism — slated by the leadership as probably the central challenge in domestic policy — remains. More needs to be done than Kinnock's change of inflexion to *nation*alisation on *Weekend World*. Ken Livingstone, who unlike Benn and Skinner has taken up his right by virtue of National Executive membership to take part in the review, has submitted a weighty paper on the implications of US economic trends for future British policy options. It's rumoured that this was written for him by former *Socialist Challenge* editor John Ross. If so, Ross may well be the only self-avowed Marxist contributing to the review.

Equality is unpopular

The Economic Equality group (taxation, benefits etc.) is widely felt to have made the most solid progress, though much of it has been in directions that will not please the left. It has sought to address the key issue of negative voter perceptions of Labour as the high tax party. Kinnock's chief economic advisor, Cambridge don John Eatwell, told the group that:

> Equality is an unpopular issue. Whenever the word is used it is seen as a code for "levelling down", for diminishing the "excitement and glamour" of daily life, for the politics of envy. Equality is a Bad Thing.

There was quick agreement that the tax system needed drastic simplification, including the equalisation of rates on investment and on employment incomes — here Lawson's budget has pre-empted one obvious measure by taxing capital gains as income, but the nine per cent surcharge of National Insurance remains on low and average earnings, as opposed to income from capital. There is likely to be commitment not to re-raise the base rate above 25 per cent, though this won't be written in until the second phase of the review process. Kinnock on *Weekend World* confirmed his desire for a lower starting rate of income tax and a graded structure (probably back up to 60 per cent). The group found consensus also on the need for a statutory national minimum wage, while noting major problems of implementation.

People at Work, the employment policy group, has gone to the opposite extreme from Gould's body. It has brought in more outside experts (a dozen or so), commissioned more papers and discussed more detailed policy proposals than any other group. Some suggest that it has "exceeded its brief" in making so many specific recommendations; some of them (as on minimum wage-rates) overlapping with the responsibilities of other groups.

Despite the predominance of outside advisors, the committee's main moving spirit has been Diana Jeuda of the shopworkers' union USDAW. Its draft report emphasises quality of working life and a national charter of employment rights, including many provisions particularly relevant to women workers. By contrast, commitments on repealing or reforming Conservative employment laws, and on industrial democracy, are notable by their absence. Senior

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party and union figures suggest privately that industrial democracy is not a vote-winner, exciting little enthusiasm even among union members.

There is a strong feeling that the groups on Consumers and the Community (embracing local government and welfare service provision) and the Physical and Social Environment are poor relations to the three major economic groups. The first has evidently suffered both from problems in defining its brief and from the illness of co-chair David Blunkett. This has left a major gap so far in forward thinking about what should be both a high priority for reform and an electoral asset, the NHS.

Criticism of the Environment group's work is considerably sharper. One senior figure calls its draft report a classic statement of everything that's worst about Labour policymaking, with its portentous phraseology and its advocacy of a comprehensive national plan for the environment — a combination of vagueness and statist centralism. Expert submissions to this group have been few in number and allegedly poor in quality. Controversy over civilian nuclear power is ducked, perhaps unsurprisingly since John Cunningham, MP for Sellafield, is co-chair. If radical green politics are to be a major wave of the future, there are few signs yet of Labour catching its cusp.

Democracy for the Individual and the Community, under Roy Hattersley, has taken a narrow view of its remit, investigating civil liberties rather than wider issues of democratisation. Last year's party conference, prompted by the National Executive, ruled electoral reform out of consideration by the review. The question of a written constitution or Bill of Rights has similarly been blocked. The group's report will be an admirable statement of advocacy for the individual freedoms emphasised in Hattersley's writings, but all the arguments that Labour should make democracy its central campaigning theme have evidently fallen on deaf ears. This may yet prove to be the biggest missed opportunity of the whole review process.

In the *New Statesman* in 1951, Basil Davidson complained that every Labour policy document he'd ever read, official or unofficial, started and virtually finished with domestic affairs: "Then, appended at the end, came a quite unconnected, vague and obviously unimportant chapter headed 'International Relations' or 'The World Outside'." Britain in the World, as a review group title, is a terminological step forward; otherwise the party's position remains sadly close to Davidson's caricature. The group has concentrated mostly on Europe, and no one seriously doubts that the upshot of its recommendations will be public and formal recognition of what's long been tacitly recognised — that it is inconceivable that Labour would pull Britain out of the European Community. There has also been much discussion with aid and development agencies, apparently well received by them.

The biggest blank is the obvious one. The changes in defence policy desired by the leadership are generally known, easy to state bluntly — but extremely difficult to phrase in terms which will carry sufficiently overwhelming party support to avoid serious bloodletting. Ron Todd of the transport workers' union, for instance, still has to be won over. Kinnock flew an important though not widely noticed kite in *Tribune* a few weeks ago, saying that for him unilateralism had always been a tactic rather than a philosophy. The commitment to scrap Polaris and Trident irrespective of the outcome of multilateral negotiations will surely disappear before the next election; but not this year, not in this Phase 1 of the policy review.

Kitchen cabinet

Major policy shifts, then, are in the offing. The precise shape of new policy packages is not yet formed, and will not be for some months. There are still huge fields where the rethinking has not yet seriously begun, or is still extremely vague. Yet in many crucial areas the general direction has been set, and will be seen by many left-wingers as confirming their darkest suspicions. Does this indicate that there has been a hidden agenda all along? Not, it would appear, in the sense of a predetermined set of policies imposed from Kinnock's office or key shadow cabinet members. Indeed, the fear that such inner circles would unilaterally formulate policy whilst the NEC and wider party fell into the role of negative opposition, with the attendant dangers of schism, was Tom Sawyer's major motivation in proposing the policy review format.

There *is* of course an "inner circle" of people especially influential in the process, but it is more diffuse than the conspiracy theories of Benn or Livingstone suggest. It includes advisors from Kinnock's personal office — John Eatwell has assumed a co-ordinating role for the economic groups, whilst both Charles Clarke and Patricia Hewitt sit on the committee chaired by Sawyer which overviews the review. However, the claim that a Kinnock kitchen cabinet increasingly runs the show has little warrant. Important inputs have been coming also from National Executive and shadow cabinet members, from several "chocolate soldiers" — the Rowntree-funded shadow cabinet research assistants — from Geoff Bish's Walworth Road Policy Directorate, from some unions — though especially those like the public employees (NUPE) and the general union GMB, which already had close working relationships with the parliamentary leaders — and a few outside experts. In this last category, major roles have gone to people like economist David Soskice and the Low Pay Unit's Chris Pond.

Thus the policy review so far has been a genuinely consultative exercise. The charge of "managed consultation", however, sticks. Some people have excluded themselves, like Benn and Skinner: but they would undoubtedly have been marginalised in any case. Some unions — like the Transport and General Workers — and some shadow ministers evidently feel that the contributious of others have been more valued than theirs. The range of outside advice sought has been restricted. For obvious practical reasons the number of inputs had to be kept down: the chaotic results of Michael Meacher's multiple health service advisory groups in the last parliament demonstrate the danger in seeking too much good counsel. Equally, the stipulation that commissioned papers "should not be open-ended, but should answer specific questions raised" makes evident good sense. Yet the criteria by which advisors were chosen and reports commissioned have been neither clear nor public. Specialists, academic or otherwise, associated with the party's left seem seriously underrepresented. In the second stage of the review submissions are invited from all interested groups or individuals. Some, like the Common Market Safeguards Committee, have already publicised their suggestions — but there can be little doubt that such outside submissions will carry far less weight than those commissioned by the review groups themselves.

A related suspicion to that of the hidden agenda and the magic circle is that policy formation is being subordinated to the findings of opinion polls. Again there seems to be a core of truth here: certainly all groups were called on to build analysis of voter perceptions on their policy areas into their work and to make use of relevant polling data. The extent to which they have done so varies, though some in-depth studies of electoral attitudes — notably by Bryan Gould's assistant Nigel Stanley — have been used. The possible impact of such data has, however, been limited by Labour's financial crisis. The party's polling budget has been cut to the bone, and *no* new polls have been commissioned this year. The review groups have had to rely on re-analysis of old data or on very small-scale group discussions. Those who see the party's use of opinion surveys as somehow politically corrupting can lift their heads from the sand and breathe again. □

Memorial Meeting

ALAN W. FISHER

General Secretary
National Union of
Public Employees
(1968-1982)

27 April 1988
2.00pm

Friends House,
Euston Road,
London NW1 2BJ

NUPE

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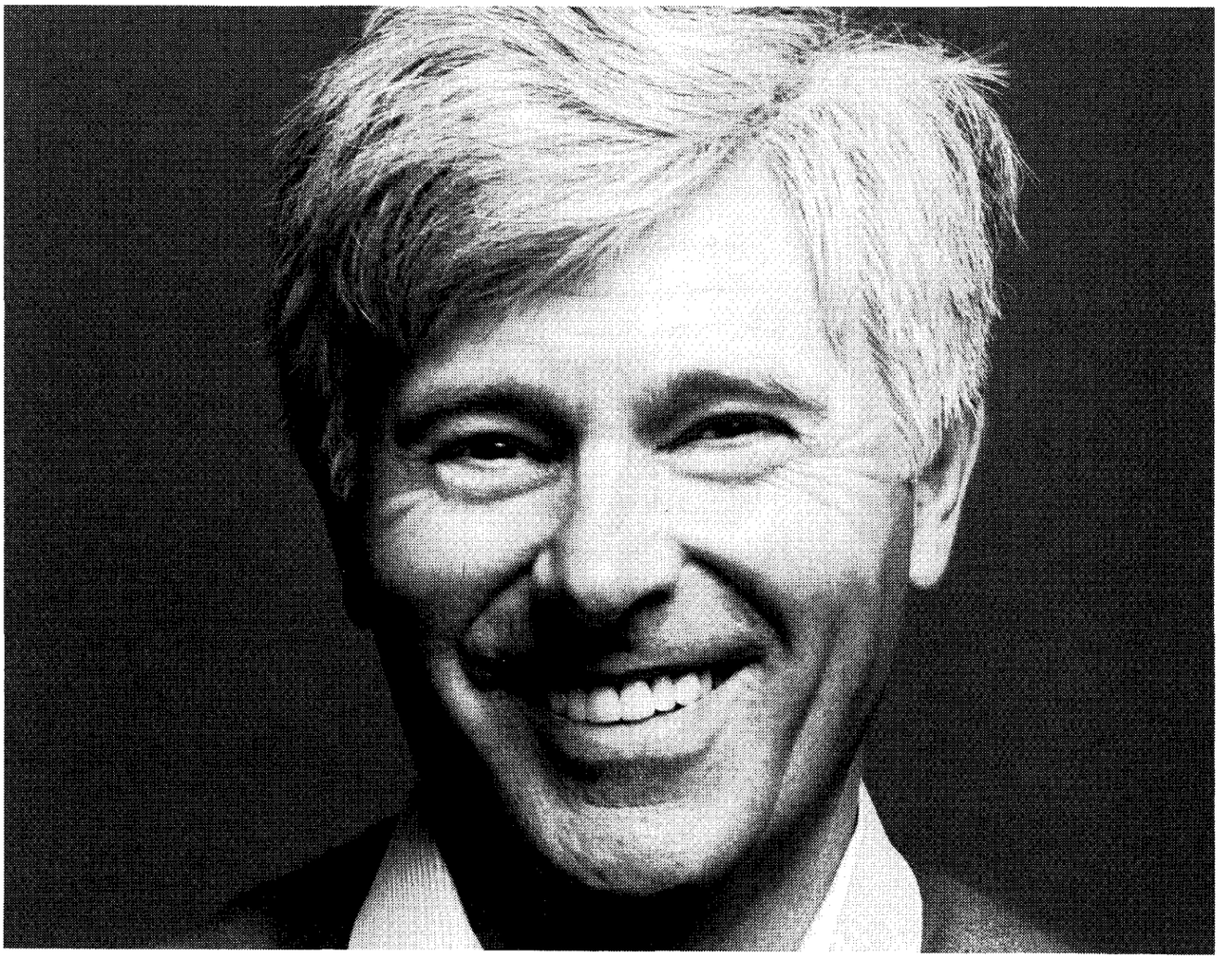

For a man whose heart stopped beating 3 years ago, he's not looking bad.

You're looking at a modern day miracle.

According to the laws of nature this man should be dead and buried.

Three years ago he had a severe heart attack followed by a heart by-pass operation.

Today, he's back at work, leading a healthy, active and enjoyable life.

A life that he owes to the skill of the surgeon coupled with the benefits of effective medicines.

Medicines that now include those which dissolve the blood clots that cause heart attacks and strokes.

Thus opening the way to a fast and fuller recovery.

And the story doesn't stop there. Helping after the event is not enough.

ABPI supports the 'Look After Your Heart!' campaign.

Our aim is to prevent heart attacks from happening in the first place.

Further important innovations in circulatory disease medicines are being developed by the British pharmaceutical industry in close co-operation with universities and hospitals.

Even so, medicines cannot succeed on their own.

We need your help. The best way you can help us is to help yourself.

Eat less fat, stop smoking and take regular exercise.

The sooner you do that, the sooner we can turn more attention to preventing other fatal diseases.

THE BRITISH PHARMACEUTICAL INDUSTRY.
HELPING TO KEEP BRITAIN HEALTHY.

abpi

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Insider trading: inner selves for sale

As advertisers move away from selling products towards pedling lifestyles,* SUZANNE MOORE *argues that the time has come to push the dream of an ideal collective life

DO YOU ever feel confused about what to do with your life? Do you sometimes not know what to do? what to wear? what to buy? Do all those style magazines with their blurry fashion spreads just make you feel worse? Do you never *really* know what is being sold to you in all those obscure adverts? Do you feel that you don't really belong?

If you answered yes to any of the above questions, believe me, I can help you. The solution may sound drastic but it's simple and effective. Get rid of your life once and for all. Life is full of pain anyway. End it immediately and replace it with a "lifestyle". A lifestyle will make you feel more alive than living ever could. Peace of mind for a piece of your mind. You can't say fairer than that.

Designer platitudes. Business words that become buzz words. And lifestyle is one of those words. Unlike that outmoded and vulgar concept of class, lifestyle embodies choice, mobility and aspiration. Class is obstinate and unyielding and ugly. It drags you down, it makes you feel common, when what you really want to do is move on up. Whereas the beauty of the lifestyle concept is the implication that all this is possible and more . . . as *Harpers and Queen* announced this month: "The New Smuggery: — Some people's lives just get more and more perfect".

The magazine for the "Smart Insider" knows that no one gives a toss for all that alienated outsider angst anymore. Conran speaks more about the contemporary psyche than Camus ever could. Getting in touch with your true feelings is as easy as getting money from a cashpoint machine. All you need is the right kind of identification, the right kind of identity.

And lifestyle advertising taps right into these new but somewhat insecure identities. It plays upon these insecurities as well as our fantasies, our fears as well as our aspirations. It depends for its success upon the consumer's recognition of the social and economic status of the lifestyle trappings (the clothes, the cars, the interior design) that surround the product being sold. All those grainy black and white adverts, all those moody settings, all those designed-to-death "minimalist" pictures are in fact stuffed full of clues about class and social status — the currency of cultural capital. If you don't "get" the ad then you are probably not someone who would get the product anyway.

However if you do understand what's going on, it makes you feel special, part of the "in" crowd and most importantly it affirms your individual right to own that commodity. It's these feelings of exclusivity that are now being extensively promoted by the advertising industry. This has been described as the real "insider trading" — only this time it's dreams that are being bought and sold.

Any product, however mundane, from a light bulb to a can of lager, can get the lifestyle treatment. In a market saturated by more and more of the same, to endow a product with an exclusive, or better still *cultish*, quality is the goal. Product differentiation has always been, as adperson David Ogilvy said, about giving the product "a personality". Lifestyle ads take this one step further by creating not simply a personality but a whole way of life. The product doesn't appear to step out of the ad to enhance your life — instead the ad invites you to step into a total environment of which the particular commodity on sale is just a part.

Atmospherics

Currently both Red Stripe and Kronenberg 1664 lagers are using such campaigns. While Budweiser and Harp go for the lower end of the market with the traditional beer buddies and birds ads, Red Stripe and Kronenberg go for atmospheric or even obscure commercials. The real giveaway to a lifestyle ad is the black and white film used to connote upmarket artiness. In the first Kronenberg ad a young busking saxophonist is taken in hand by an older black musician and under his guidance turns into a star. He just happens to drink Kronenberg along the way. While saxophones have now become a multi-purpose symbol of hipness, blackness stands in for a sense of authenticity or soul in the style-obsessed universe. In all these kinds of lifestyle ads the concept of classiness, of things being classic, depends on the apparent obliteration of class origin.

The classiest thing of all is that these ads don't even seem like ads — there is no direct sell. Ferguson's Geometry Set ads are a visual riddle that is only solved by product recognition. Red Stripe has taken to flyposting its moody posters in between the usual ads for gigs and records, in order to create a slightly underground reputation for the lager.

That old advertising adage is at work here — ads are at their most powerful if they are not consciously perceived as ads — as trying to actually sell you something. More and more commercials seem to be little more than highly sophisticated product placement. They may take the form of mini-melodramas (Levis, Volkswagen), micro-soaps (Bisto, Renault) or thrillers (Pirelli).

Such advertising reflects not only changing patterns of consumption but a whole new "structure of feeling" in which the surest sense of belonging comes from what belongs to you. In fact Raymond Williams' definition of culture as a whole way of life could equally be applied to the imaginary environments of these ads in which life becomes a whole way of shopping. From the Next Director to the Marks and Spencer's magazine, consumption is being redefined not simply as a means to an end but as the most meaningful part of existence.

Yet the premise of lifestyle advertising is not in itself evil — it works on the simple idea that you sell to people's aspirations rather than reflecting back to them the reality of their everyday lives. The language of advertising (as of politics) is the language of futures, of dreams. You might argue that while advertising deals with personal futures, politics deal with collective desires. Yet Thatcherite rhetoric with its emphasis on individuality has moved the two closer together so that even blatant expression of self-interest is seen as somehow ultimately for the common good.

As we move into the next stage of what Malcolm Bradbury has dubbed "sado-monetarism" and Britain increasingly becomes another Third World nation where conspicuous consumption confronts conspicuous deprivation, where morality is anaesthetised, it may seem inappropriate even to talk about lifestyle. But surely, rather than simply deriding the "culture of wanting" as Jeremy Seabrook has in *New Society*, we can use the aspirational qualities of "lifestyle" to suggest different ways of living. The right to the lifestyle of your choice must be extended both qualitatively and quantitatively. A decent lifestyle involves decent health care and the right to be gay as well as the right to a nice home and nice clothes.

Just because people want the right furniture doesn't have to mean that they want a right-wing future. Why can't we flypost our politics in between these yearnings so that they don't even seem like politics at all — just images of lifestyles, more desirable, more attractive and more attainable than the ones presently on offer? □

"Mummy, Mummy, the Emperor's wearing flared trousers. . ."

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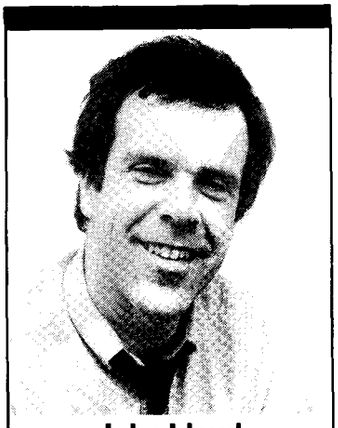
STATE OF THE NATION



John Lloyd

Organising a future

THE CATEGORIES of debate on the left are still often quite archaic. It's assumed, for example, that unions have a rational choice as to whether to adopt a "militant" or a "moderate" stance: and that the adoption of one or the other will bring certain benefits and disbenefits.

The National Union of Mineworkers, of course, presents the extreme case. At national leadership level, it has never deviated from a stance of the most undiluted militancy. Arthur Scargill is determined to have the words "I never compromise" engraved on his heart when he dies: and while he leads it, his union will be subject to that determination. So pits shut, his members fall behind in the industrial workers' pay league which they once led and the industry is groomed and trimmed for privatisation.

The realists among his colleagues — most of the area leaderships and an increasing number of pit officials — can see the attrition about them, and are seeking an accommodation with a board and government which holds almost all the cards. But British Coal makes little secret of the fact that it can offer the new realists little, if anything, more than it offers militancy; for certain, it will not offer them back the relatively privileged and powerful place the union occupied since the war, and above all in the 1970s. At best, the realists will be able to save a few pits, or see one or two new ones opened, by agreeing to "flexible" (six day) working, and other new working methods. When, as in Scotland, they can put themselves at the heart of a broadly based campaign of opposition to measures which, in its case, could see the *entire coalfield* shut (difficult for most Scots over 30 to believe), they can have some successes. These are not negligible: but they are talented, rearguard actions involving much sacrifice. They do not, cannot, amount to a "strategy" for anything more than survival.

That is because the government does not want, or believes it needs, a dialogue with organised labour — neither in its "militant" nor its "moderate" forms. Individual ministers will see individual trade union leaders on matters of training, or skills shortages, or plant location. But they will continue to push Labour in its big-L, corporate form as far down the national pecking order as possible. The government believes in the primacy of parliament in the purest way: that its writ must run wholly untrammelled by any intermediate institutions of civil society.

It is an interesting, and urgent, speculation as to what the government now sees as the future for trade unions: more specifically, as to whether it sees any place for them at all. The indications are that there are confused counsels. From the right, the voices of Sir John Joskyns, director general of the Institute of Directors, and Graham Mather, director of the Institute of Economic Affairs, call for a future essentially union free — in part because they continue to hamper productivity and efficiency improvements, in part because they are increasingly superseded by managements who have learned and are now applying human resource management techniques of rewards, incentives, counselling and involvement which pre-empt unionisation by duplicating — sometimes surpassing — the advantages they can offer workers. At the core of such techniques is the realisation that workers, in the main, see unions instrumentally, as providers of services: and if these services are provided without the union, then there ceases to be the need for it. The experience of unions which have attempted to organise in companies where such techniques have been successfully adopted has been that workers are not just indifferent, but sometimes actively hostile, to their efforts.

Companies which have adopted such techniques remain a small minority: outnumbered by those where unions are still seen as useful, or by companies where unions do not or cannot organise but where "human resource management" is composed of the traditional elements of fear and arbitrary direction. But it is the small minority which commands attention — and rightly, since it usually occurs in leading edge, high technology companies and because it acts as an example to other managements.

> *One of the useful insights of this government has been that most people do not like being in the position of passive recipients; it should be the left's task to take people out of passivity not by offering them (often) empty choices, but by preparing them for involvement in the areas of their own lives which should anyway be theirs to control*

THE CONSOLIDATIONIST members of the government will not have gone that far — yet: but if a momentum develops behind non-unionism as a political objective, we should not expect that they muster any more opposition to it than they have to the poll tax, the Budget's tax changes or the social security reforms. Their instincts, though, would be to promote "good" trade unionism — of the kind they perceive the engineers and the electricians offer. If they do wish to follow that line of argument, however, they will sooner or later have to adopt measures which assist "good" unions in their aims — which remain those of organisation, representation and bargaining. It is hard to see that happening: it is hard to resist the belief that the praise heaped on the engineers for their "realism" on Dundee is simply aimed at embarrassing the other unions, and the Labour Party.

If, then, there are likely to be few rewards for moderation, what can the unions do? Is it not at least more emotionally satisfying, even no less "realistic", to oppose the government root and branch?

It is a false dichotomy. The unions, like other institutions or parties which wish to see a different form of politics from the one we have, can only hope to get it if they make it increasingly clear what kind of society they would wish to be part of — and, as far as is possible in unpropitious times, act as they would in such a society.

The teaching unions — presently split on whether or not to be "militant" or "moderate" — offer a good case in point. I would not have thought that anyone needed much convincing that further industrial action by teachers will continue to be self-defeating — because it will continue to drain support away from publicly funded education. In that context, it does not matter that many — even the majority — of parents may support the teachers in their complaint that their pay is too low (it certainly is) or that the ILEA's abolition will make education worse in the boroughs where children need education most (it seems certain that it will). Those who do not support them, even those who do, will seek to avoid the disruptions caused by going private, or moving to those few areas where schooling is still selective. Once that sector grows beyond a certain size — say, ten per cent of the nation's children — then it becomes increasingly difficult to eradicate or embrace within a state system, and the fundamental inequity of our education provision remains intact, healthier than ever.

We have to offer, in education, a new relationship between schools and community: a relationship which, to be sure, does depend on much more parental involvement — but an involvement which is prepared for and planned for and made as broad as possible — not one which simply reproduces the puzzled apathy of most. Parents do have huge anxieties about their children's education — but most have not the tools, the education of their own, to express them: they do not come to the marketplace as equal consumers.

The left has an interest in making them so: in giving them new rights, but also new responsibilities to learn about and involve themselves in education and schooling. Schools and teachers cannot serve a community which cannot also serve itself: and while "communities" are now more artificial than integral, they can be reconstituted by conscious intervention on the part of politicians, planners, teachers — and parents. In education, as in much else, we have to recognise that support for a revived form of social democracy has to come from the base; that that support must be active; and it thus must be involved through being given duties to perform as well as rights to demand.

One of the useful insights of this government has been that most people do not like being in the position of passive recipients, even when they have little choice but to be so: it should be the left's task to take people out of passivity not by offering them choices which are often (not always) empty, but by preparing them for an involvement in the areas of their own lives which should anyway be theirs to control. □

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The Iraqi pipeline — and other remarkable affairs

The CIA is run out of town in North Carolina, while Reagan's attorney-general runs into trouble.

ALEXANDER COCKBURN ***watches the right's morale erode***

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

SOME REAGAN loyalists at Duke University arranged to have Ollie North's briefing slides screened for students. The North slides have sacred status for right-wingers. They were the propaganda tools whereby President Reagan's famous aide on the National Security Council (now awaiting trial) persuaded conservative millionaires to bankroll the Nicaraguan *contra*. Mostly the slides were misty aerial shots of supposed Soviet military "facilities" in Nicaragua, but it has always been a proposition of the right that if only the communist-dominated networks would show them in prime time, public opinion would swing behind the *contra* in a matter of hours.

So the slides were made available to the youth of Duke, but only 14 young men and women turned up. Some 700 others were down the hall in an amphitheatre listening to the 1960's radical leader Abbie Hoffman. The next day the student paper, the *Chronicle,* still dominated by right-wing students, gave big play to the North slides event and downgraded Hoffman's well-attended oration. I asked one of the paper's editors how he could justify this news judgment and he said rather feebly that the important thing was that the slides had come to Duke, not that no one had been interested in looking at them. He gave an irritable shrug when I pointed out that, by this standard, North's slides would have got the headline even if no one had been on hand to view them.

His rather brusque impatience was understandable. After a decade or so of agreeable prominence in the press and on campuses as the authentic spokespersons of their generation, conservative student activists are well aware that the tides of history are turning against them.

"History" in this instance really means opinion, in the form of judgments by the communications industry. Compared with the ardent cadres of Young Americans for Freedom a generation ago, there never really was much of an organised right-wing student presence on the campuses in the eighties. The conservative foundations did pour money into an informal chain of campus newspapers but these were never much more than strained efforts to mime William F. Buckley Jr's *National Review* or the cruder *American Spectator*. Conservative "actions" usually consisted of a ringing endorsement of Reaganism at home and abroad, followed by the dispatch of resumés to potential right-wing employers.

Down the hall from the flickering images compiled by the now retired Marine Colonel North, Hoffman was explaining to his audience that the propositions of a radical sixties and right-wing eighties were both bogus and that 90 per cent of campuses in 1968 were just as replete with students planning for decorous and profitable lives within the terms of the system as they are now. This is mostly true, but what is now beginning to register is the breadth of radical student activism over the past three or four years.

Covert influence

Central America and South Africa have both been rallying points. In the latter case, many divestment campaigns met with success, culminating with the decision in 1986 of the huge University of California to purge its portfolio of South Africa-related holdings. But the most vivid student actions have been waged against the CIA, which is compelled to remain in contact with the nation's youth if only to offer some of them jobs.

There is continuity here. In March 1967 *Ramparts* magazine inaugurated a tradition of disclosures about covert CIA activities by reporting that the Agency had been secretly influencing student associations both at home and abroad. Today, as a consequence, students are well aware of what happened in Teheran in 1953, Guatemala in 1954, Cuba in 1961, and greet the CIA's recruiters with admonitions to do their business elsewhere.

These admonitions have taken the form of leaflets and kindred material detailing the CIA's history and present activities, mostly in Central America; requests that the university desist from offering office space for CIA recruiters and from advertising their presence; finally, direct action. Witness what happened recently here in Chapel Hill, at the University of North Carolina.

At the turn of the year six students chained themselves together in the doorway of the CIA's interview room on its Chapel Hill campus. They duly came to trial and argued the "necessity defence", which is that in order to stop serious crimes (murder and torture by the CIA abroad) it is justifiable to commit minor offenses, such as disorderly conduct. Former CIA officer Ralph McGehee testified on their behalf, telling the court that the CIA's operations in the postwar period had resulted in as many as six million deaths. A former student president and Rhodes scholar Bryan Hassel testified that his experience as an ex-officio member of the university's trustees had shown him that the administration would respond only to dramatic actions.

At the end of the day District Judge Stanley Peele said he found the students' arguments "stunning", adding that though he had to find them guilty of disorderly conduct he would offer "a prayer for judgment", meaning no penalty so long as they obeyed the law for the following year.

At the end of February, CIA recruiter Page Moffett was back in North Carolina again, this time interviewing applicants in a Chapel Hill motel. Students took a room next to his and threw red-coloured fruit juice in front of his door the next morning, heckling him loudly. "This is ridiculous," Moffett exclaimed and drove off.

This pattern of events has been followed on about a hundred campuses across the country, with university authorities usually telling the CIA to stay clear for a while, though announcing publicly that the decision has been the Agency's. One considerable difference from anti-CIA organising in the late sixties has been the quality of information available. Among the hottest speakers on campuses these days are the former CIA officers grouped in a new organisation called ARDIS — Agents for Responsible Dissent. They include John Stockwell, Ralph McGehee, Philip Agee and David McMichael. Their narratives of their own careers have been a very considerable factor in a movement that has demonstrated more vitality in recent months than the anti-apartheid campaign, which somewhat petered out from lack of direction after the success of the calls to divest.

The eye of the beholder

Duke is named for the family that founded American Tobacco. It's a curious mixture of neo-classical and neo-Gothic, resplendent now with dogwood blossom, as all the south is at this time of year. Discussing anti-apartheid activities with me, a student reported the erection of "shanties" on campus to remind students of the conditions for blacks in South Africa. Protests at such shanties elicited the following letter in the *Chronicle:*

> Mary-Elise Haug argues that the building of shanties on Duke's campus "violates our rights as students to a beautiful campus". I would like to thank her for looking out for my rights as a Duke student. However, I couldn't help looking over my list of important worldly rights and — I'm sorry — my right to a beautiful campus doesn't quite surpass my right to be treated as an equal and complete individual or even my right to live anywhere in my rightful homeland, especially when I'm in the majority. But, do not get me wrong, I'm not downplaying the importance of a beautiful campus. After all, I think it's great that so many people worldwide can appreciate what a black man can create given the opportunity. After all, a black man did design Cameron Indoor Stadium, Duke's South Hospital, the Allen building, along with the rest of Duke's West Campus — including the chapel. The man who accomplished all this is Julian Abele and speaking as his great grand niece, I don't think he would protest DSAC's building shanty prisons on his "beautiful campus". Maybe the reason I'm so certain that he wouldn't object is because he was a victim of apartheid in this country. He was not so fortunate as you and I to travel freely across the state borders. He never came to Duke to see what he had created because his repulsion of the segregated

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South made it impossible for him to travel further south than Philadelphia. So, perhaps next time you hear or speak a complaint about how shanties invade a student's right to a beautiful campus or next time you reflect upon Duke's beauty, think about how ridiculously superficial a beautiful campus is compared to the ugliness and brutality of racism.

Susan Cook

In the North Carolina primary, Jesse Jackson took 33 per cent of the vote, coming in second to Al Gore, who got 35 per cent. Jackson won in Raleigh and Chapel Hill with white support that would have gratified Ms Cook's great grand uncle Julian. Joe Straley, a 72-year-old Jackson organiser told me that, in one precinct he was familiar with, there was barely a handful of black registered Democrats and the precinct had gone solidly for Jackson.

Meese's messes

The erosion of morale among the Reagan right has been assisted by the misfortunes of one of their heroes, Attorney General Edwin Meese. The right has long since given up on Reagan himself, particularly after the commander-in-chief began saying that Gorbachev was "different" and basically an NEP man in the tradition of Vladimir Ilich. (Reagan said this again the other day in an interview with Joe Fitchett of the *International Herald Tribune,* confiding that Gorbachev "actually is advocating some of the things that Lenin talked about that were not as restrictive and single-minded as Stalin was". Ardent Leninist though he now is, Reagan could not resist simultaneously ladling out one of his favourite bogus Lenin quotes, to the effect that "the final battles would come in Latin America and then, as he [Lenin] put it, once they had siezed that they wouldn't have to take the United States . . . It would fall into their outstretched hands like overripe fruit." Though he's been often told this is a forgery, probably by Goebbels, Reagan loves the "overripe fruit" quote still.)

The other big right-wing hero, aside from Ollie North, is Secretary of Education, William Bennett. Bennett somewhat lacks Meese's penchant for low financial companionship, which is constantly getting him into trouble, most recently for what the press chastely calls "apparent" conflicts of interest in the matter of an Iraqi pipeline. The remarkable affair of the Iraqi pipeline, in which documents showed clearly enough that Israel, and particularly the Labour Party led by Shimon Peres, would get protection money for not bombing the Bechtel-built enterprise, threatened a couple of weeks ago to force Meese's resignation, particularly after several of his subordinates in the Justice Department jumped ship and returned to private life. Eventually the Special Prosecutor said he had evidence insufficient for an indictment of Meese. The press took this at face value, but the following sequence of events is suggestive.

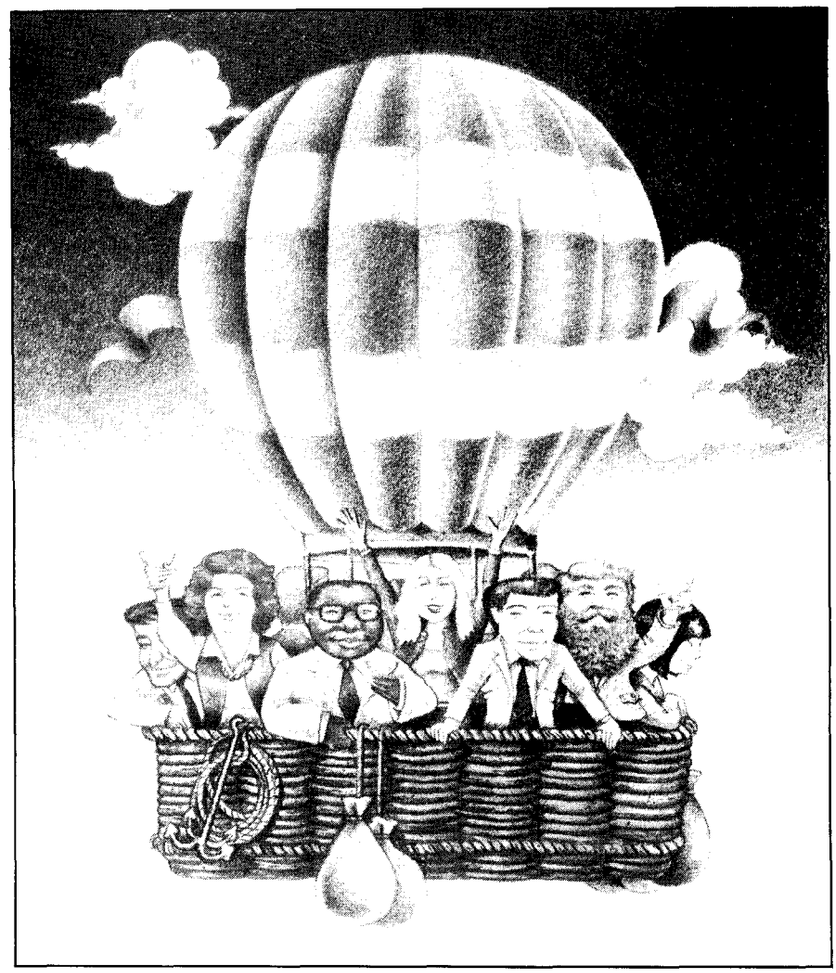
On 29 March of this year Richard Schifter, deputy Secretary of State, testified before Congress that Israel "not only has the right but the obligation" to restore order in the territories it has held since 1967 and "to use appropriate levels of force to accomplish that end". Such testimony is not without importance, since there are laws on the books here forbidding aid to countries singled out by the State Department as abusing human rights. It is of course hardly likely that Israel would ever be so condemned by the US government, but Schifter's testimony was certainly helpful.

Simultaneously helpful to the Reagan administration, and to Meese that very day, was the public announcement that Swiss financier Bruce Rapoport had earlier backed out of giving an important deposition in the pipeline case to the Special Prosecutor. Rapoport had been the animateur of the whole pipeline scheme and is known to be close to the Israeli Labour Party and to Peres. He had been scheduled to give sworn testimony about Meese's role in the pipeline affair but declined at the last minute because "he was afraid he might not remember everything accurately". With Rapoport's decision to mistrust his memory the Special Prosecutor duly announced that Meese was off the hook.

The question of what Israel or individuals associated with that country will provide by way of evidence has similarly been of consequence in the Iran-*contra* scandal, in which Israel was deeply involved. The US Congress showed marked disinclination to pursue the topic and now a deal has been announced with another US Special Prosecutor in that case.

There are those who suggest that Israel leaked the evidence of Waldheim's complicity in war crimes by way of a warning shot to the United States after the Pollard affair. Jonathan Pollard was convicted of spying for Israel, stealing naval secrets. For a while there was talk of exposing other agents for Israel in high places, but now that talk has abruptly died down. Waldheim's wartime conduct was known to a number of agencies including the CIA, on whose payroll he may in consequence have been. □

Up, up and away



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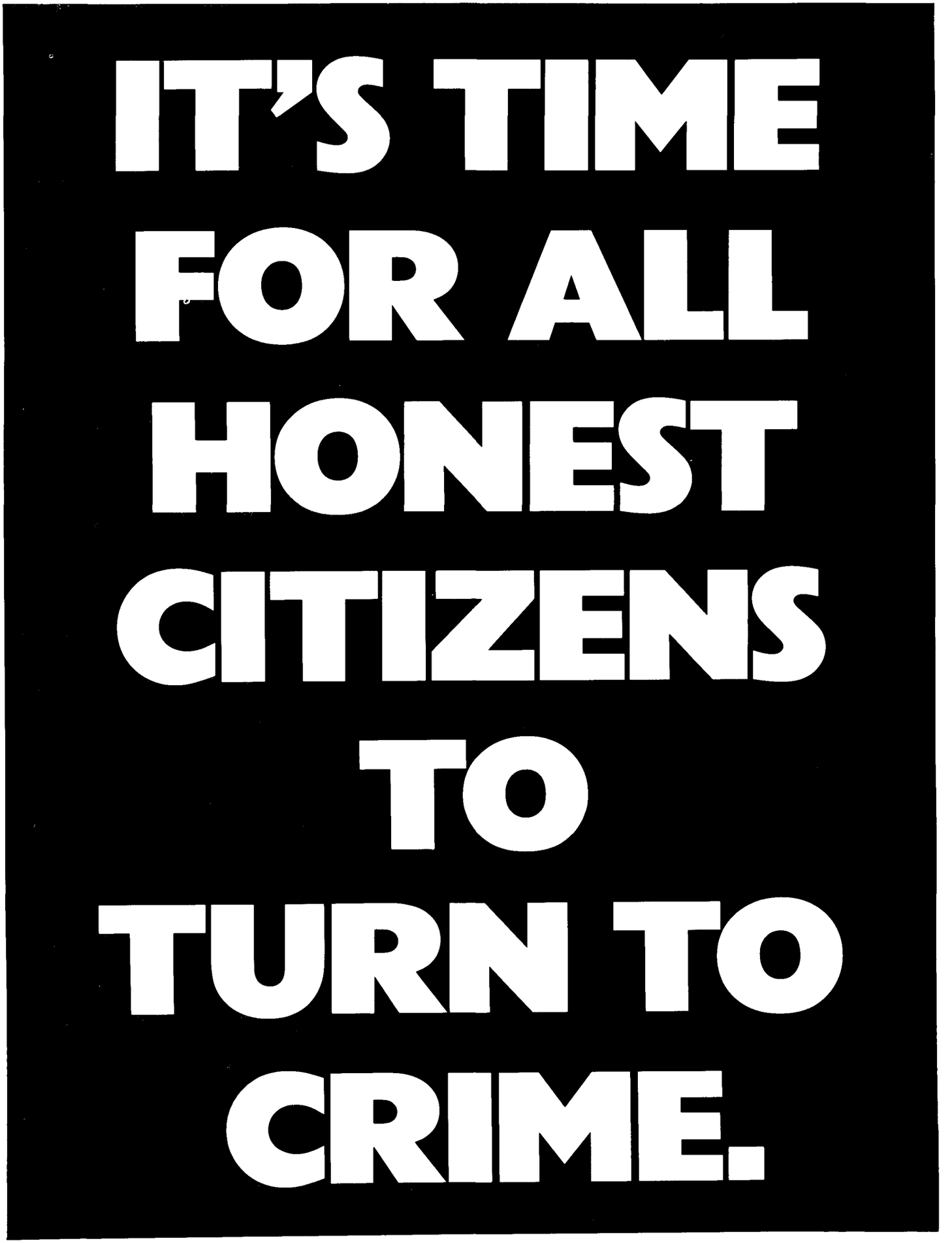

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You can see why by considering a few facts.

Each year car theft costs us about £300 million, and burglary sets us back by another £150 million.

Yet the police reckon that one car in five is left unlocked, or with windows open, or with expensive goods temptingly on display. It is estimated that over 60% of homes still do not have any window locks (although that's better than a few years ago when it was nearer 90%).

These facts illustrate a basic truth.

HOME TRUTHS ABOUT CRIME.

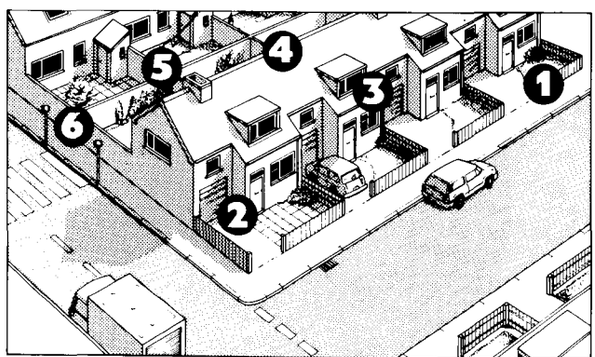
The truth is that most criminals are on the lookout for a soft touch. They are not hardened 'professionals' who set out with particular targets in mind, but young, inexperienced or unsophisticated.

What they're looking for is a house or car that will let them get in, get what they want and get away quickly.

In short, an easy opportunity.

Many of these opportunities can just as easily be removed.

By fitting and using locks. Or by taking other very simple precautions.



1. Individual front gardens encourage responsibility
2. Integral garages cut down thefts
3. Windows facing street make observation easy
4. Mixed housing encourages social integration
5. Proper fences create sense of privacy
6. Back walls at least 6' high cut down easy access

GETTING TOGETHER.

And if we can foil small-time criminals with modest individual effort and cost, how much more could be achieved by working together in Neighbourhood Watches (there are forty-two thousand already)?

Or in other local activities involving police, councils, businesses, voluntary groups and schools?

More radically still, what might we see if more systematic effort was made to design anti-crime features into cars, houses and estates?

This is not a pipe dream: it's already happening.

DESIGNING AGAINST CRIME.

Take housing. There is a growing awareness of how the design, layout and construction of houses and estates can affect the incidence of crime.

Many police forces are now appointing specialist architectural liaison officers in their crime prevention departments.

A new British Standard has been published. Some builders are now building security features into new housing projects.

Or cars. The Institute for Consumer Ergonomics at Loughborough University carried out a research project into automobile security which was presented to the motor industry at a special Home Office conference.

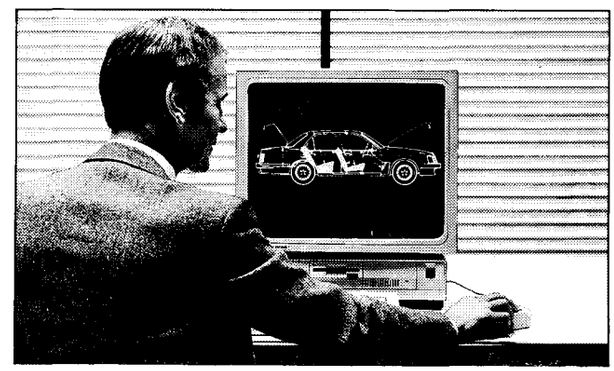
Some manufacturers are now fitting better security on the production line.

Some magazine road tests regularly report on the subject.

PREVENTING VIOLENT CRIME.

About 95% of crimes are against property rather than people. But, not surprisingly, it is the remaining 5% – assault, mugging and rape, for example – that causes the most comment and concern.

But even thugs look for easy opportunities. The dark alley, the pensioner who doesn't check callers' credentials, the child who accepts a lift from a stranger. These can be reduced by personal and community action.



For example, because all of us feel vulnerable sometimes, police and other experts have devised simple, sensible precautions which individuals can adopt to help minimise the risk of being attacked.

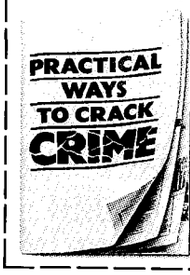
THE CRIME BOOK.

Whether simple or sophisticated measures are called for, the scope for preventing crime is still enormous.

So take the opportunity to find out more. Phone 01-200 1000 or send the coupon for your free copy of 'Practical Ways to Crack Crime.'

It will help you help the police to protect your family, your home, your community.

For your free copy of 'Practical Ways to Crack Crime' telephone: 01-200 1000 or send this coupon to: Home Office Crime Prevention, PO Box 1000, Liverpool L69 1SR.



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Position/Occupation*

Company*

*If appropriate

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CRIME
TOGETHER WE'LL CRACK IT

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Cory Aquino's test of faith

As Cory Aquino retreats further into the comfort and privacy of the presidential offices, **ANNE NELSON** *watches the Philippines move towards boiling point outside*

Cory: compassionate to those who have suffered as she did, but immune to the kinds of sufferings which threaten the order of her universe

Camera Press

MALACANANG, THE cavernous palace where the Marcoses lived, now serves as a museum for tourists and schoolchildren. There they see Imelda's shoes, lined up in neat rows, and her mother-of-pearl Ouija board poised in front of her elaborately carved bed. Down the hall they stand silently in the "bunker room", with Ferdinand Marcos's hospital bed and disposable diapers where he left them.

When she came to power, Corazon Aquino declared that the palace was too redolent of the excesses of the Marcos years. She moved operations across the way to the guest house built by Imelda Marcos to put up Princess Margaret and her other jet-setting friends.

But the new presidential offices are isolated in their own way; down a long corridor and through a double door is a large, mostly empty room. To the left, across an expanse of mahogany floor, is the big presidential desk. To the right is a small antique desk occupied by the only government employee with free access to the president's time and presence: her 33-year-old daughter, Ballsy, who serves as her personal secretary. Ballsy, her husband Eldon and their baby live with her mother in the executive mansion down the road, as do three of the president's four other children; Kris, the youngest at 16, sings Whitney Houston songs at her mother's campaign rallies. In a world full of enemies, only the family can truly be trusted.

The president makes frequent weekend retreats to the Grotto of the Sisters of Perpetual Adoration, a community known locally as the Pink Sisters for the colour of their habits. There, she meditates and prays. Before she was president, when her husband was in prison, she encountered nuns from various orders whose mission took them out into the world of social action, ministering to peasants and slum dwellers as well as political prisoners.

In the early days of the new government, President Aquino remembered Sister Christine Tan's friendship from the prison and her ongoing work in the slums, and brought her into the presidential offices. Sister Christine used her audiences to speak as ombudswoman for the poor. The president even appointed her to the commission charged with drafting the country's new constitution.

At first, Aquino's dramatic decisions to release political prisoners and start peace talks with the guerillas were applauded. When people worried that economic reforms were not making similar progress, someone could always answer that at least the president would learn about the needs of the poor through her talks with Sister Christine.

But then the whispers started that Sister Christine was a "leftist". Her influence began to wane, and she didn't get invited to the palace as often as before.

Then she was invited to talk at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in Washington. It made headlines in the Manila papers: "Cory gov't elitist, nun says; no services have been rendered to the urban poor from the government in more than a year . . . Only millionaires get elected in the Philippines."

With that, Sister Christine was frozen out of the presidential office for disloyalty. Now when Sister Christine's slum dwellers want contact with the president, they go to mass rallies at Luneta Park. President Aquino comes down to earth in a white helicopter, grants them a few words, and flies up again as they watch, their faces blasted by the rotors' gritty wind.

The early years

Corazon Cojuangco Aquino grew up as a member of one of the most powerful families in the country, and her marriage to Benigno "Ninoy" Aquino — when they were both 21 — was applauded on both sides, as it represented an alliance between the Cojuangcos, a major banking family, and the Aquinos, of lesser economic importance but one of the leading political names in the country.

Ninoy Aquino had grown up under a shadow: his father, a nationalist who opposed American colonial rule, served under the Japanese occupation government during World War II and was imprisoned by the Americans for treason at the end of the war; as a result, Ninoy grew up with a love-hate relationship with the United States. As a war correspondent at 17, he followed Korean troops into battle alongside the Americans, and shortly after his return, was adopted as a political protégé by Vice President Ramon Magsaysay, the CIA's man in Manila.

When Marcos declared martial law in 1972, he imprisoned scores of opposition leaders, but most

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of them were quickly released. Marcos's two most potent rivals remained behind bars: Ninoy Aquino and Pepe Diokno, another dynamic young politician who had once been a Marcos ally. Of the two, Aquino had it worse. He was in prison eight years; endured solitary confinement and was sentenced to be shot; went on a hunger strike almost to the point of death. In 1980 he was suddenly released on the condition that he leave the country and stay out. Then, after a three-year idyll with his family in Boston, he returned to the Philippines. He was shot dead as he stepped off the plane.

Ninoy's legacy

By all accounts, Corazon Aquino remained discreetly in the background during her husband's political career. Unlike some Philippine wives, she didn't take an active interest in politics. After her husband's death, when she ran for president, she did so without any real ideology or party structure. Her platform was that she represented a continuation of what her husband stood for.

But what did Ninoy stand for? His political profile is difficult to capture, especially as its outline recedes into the increasingly dense vapours of martyrdom and myth. Any Filipino will agree that he was an energetic, charismatic personality, a brilliant speaker, a man who beguiled his superiors with charm and devastated his enemies with wit. There the consensus breaks down. Was he a social reformer or a defender of the landowners' interests? Did he oppose Marcos on principle, or simply because he wanted his job? It is hard to judge from Aquino's intellectual legacy, which is slight: a volume of speeches, some letters, a few articles, all meaningless outside their immediate contexts. Aquino's real legacy, to his widow as well as his country, was his persecution and martyrdom, and in an intensely Catholic country this is not to be underestimated.

This is the idea that Corazon Aquino presents in her standard speech, which varies little, whether she's addressing the joint houses of Congress or campaigning in Cotobato: Ninoy suffered and died, but with his death he conquered Satan — Marcos — and redeemed the soul of Philippines democracy.

The only problem is that the movie doesn't end here. Ninoy dies, and Marcos swirls off angrily into the clouds, but the Filipinos have most inconveniently remained poor, hungry, landless, jobless, miserable, and restless.

A jumble of islands

The hardest challenge Aquino faces in governing her nation is that it isn't a nation at all. Its people have none of the characteristics that usually define a nation: no predominant race, no common language, no shared religion, no single landmass. Instead, it is a fractured composition of over 7,000 islands populated by over 70 language groups. The only reason they constitute a country now is because a Spanish navigator four centuries ago claimed them for Philip, king of Spain. And the islanders can only communicate with each other now because the United States, the colonising power from 1898 until 1946, set up a school system and taught English. Pilipino, the so-called national language, is spoken by less than 30 per cent of the people.

The geographic dislocation of the Philippines is nothing compared to the economic disparities. The majority of the 200,000 Mangyans of the island of Mindoro, for example, are still nomads without fixed housing, access to education, electricity, clean water supplies, or modern medicine. Every spring hundreds of children die from measles epidemics, and tuberculosis is rampant.

Place the Mangyans next to the millionaires of Forbes Park, a Manila suburb named after an early American governor. Driving past its wide, velvety lawns, sprawling modern houses, and discreet malls of boutiques, you can almost convince yourself you're among the quiet money of northern California. The Mercedes is the automobile of choice; children go to college in the United States.

Between the misery of the Mangyans and the nonchalance of Forbes Park lie the rest of the Filipinos. There are sprawling neighbourhoods in Manila that are recognisably middle-income, with televisions and refrigerators and a car in the drive. They provide the core of Aquino's support; but the high visibility of the middle class is deceptive.

Sixty per cent of the population struggles for survival in the countryside, where landless peasants pick up seasonal work on the sugar and coconut plantations. But even this meagre living is threatened: sugar and coconut have steadily dropped in price preparing the way for insurgencies, region by region: the communist New People's Army in areas torn by peasant-landlord conflicts; the two Muslim nationalist fronts on the southern island of Mindanao.

In Manila, Cebu and Davao City, the shantytowns are bursting with country people who have been pushed into the city in search of work. In one Manila slum 100 families live in a multi-storied honeycomb of cement and metal, cut off from light and air, with no running water, while a few miles down the road, children go from house to house on boards stuck down in the mud made of swamp water and sewage. Amid the piles of soggy garbage are leafy green stalks of *kangkong*, or swamp spinach, which often appears on the family dinner table.

Corazon Aquino is officially president of them all: the tribes, the elite, the poor.

Buying a vote

For Joe Castro, hope for a "new politics" died in a slum called Kwonset in May 1987. Castro was born in a slum himself, one of 13 children — though it would be hard to guess from his Lacoste shirt and stone-washed blue jeans. He worked his way through college, then got a good job as a sales agent for a multinational. He wasn't really politicised until the death of Ninoy Aquino; then he got involved with a mass organisation called BAYAN and spent much of the next few years in anti-Marcos rallies and marching for Aquino.

In the first year of the Aquino government, BAYAN (which means "people" or "country") spawned Partido ng Bayan, the only legal, left-of-centre party in the May congressional campaign. Castro was one of its candidates. He shares certain social ideals with the communists — support for land reform and decreasing the country's dependence on foreign capital — but says that communist ideology doesn't have much to offer the Philippines.

He campaigned hard for nine months, focusing on local issues like running water and electricity. "I'd hold three-hour meetings, real dialogues, in the barrio," he recalled, "and if they had questions, I'd stay even later. The other candidates" — endorsed by Aquino or her arch-rival, the right-wing Juan Ponce Enrile — "would come in and give a speech from a truck and leave." Castro thought he had a good chance of winning a seat.

Two days after the election, he moved through the slums, still shaking hands, still friendly, but with a wounded look in his eyes as he assessed the damage and tried to figure out how he had lost so overwhelmingly.

"Lots of people here liked what you said," said a man named Valenzula. "But what can you do? The other ones came in and bought votes. Fifty to 100 pesos a vote. Who's going to turn that down?" "You have to remember," another man said, "that these are people who sell a pint of blood for 60 pesos. Sometimes they have to go to different blood banks because the same one won't buy more than one pint a month."

Together, Castro and I went to six different neighbourhoods. I chose people at random, and everywhere it was the same. Both the Aquino and Enrile forces had bought votes. In other areas, witnesses described Aquino organisers buying off entire tables of teachers assigned to count the votes for thousands of pesos per table, achieving an economy of scale.

In the capital, reports of the vote buying produced one of two reactions. The first was that, even with this, the elections were cleaner than Marcos's since "only" 64 people had died from campaign violence (more than half of them from Partido ng Bayan). The second was that vote buying was to be expected from Enrile's people; it was unfortunate that it had occurred on Aquino's side, but probably happened without the president's knowledge. This is a striking conclusion, since her own brother, Peping Cojuangco, was one of her three campaign managers and another was her brother-in-law Paul Aquino.

But even without the vote-buying factor, the May elections were bound to produce a lopsided Congress. The Aquino and Enrile organisations each handpicked its own list of 24 candidates to fill the 24 Senate seats. (Partido ng Bayan only had the resources to field seven candidates for the Senate

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and House of Representatives combined.) When voters entered the polling station, they received a write-in ballot. Obviously they couldn't be expected to remember 24 names, so each organisation handed out its list of candidates to copy. The congressional election, like the campaign for the constitution, was a plebiscite on Aquino's personal popularity. And she got her straight ticket; of the 24 senators elected, 22 were her candidates. The House of Representatives showed similar results. But Aquino also got a Congress where over 90 per cent of its members are landowners, virulently opposed to any land reform measure that affects private land. It is also a Congress in which the right wing Enrile forces and the left have such negligible representation that they are bound to take their political statements into the street.

In the months following the elections, there has been increasing violence. In August, BAYAN, along with other mass organisations and unions, launched a series of protests against rising fuel prices. A few weeks later Joe Castro and another BAYAN leader, Lean Alejandro, gave a press conference criticising Aquino policies. After the session, a group of armed men tailed Alejandro to his home and shot him in the face. He died instantly.

Unknown killers

No one has been arrested for the murder, but his death fits into a pattern of violence against people who argue that Philippine society requires peaceful but sweeping changes. The killers, "unknown, heavily armed men in civilian clothes", may be off-duty military, factory owners' hit men, or members of the new vigilante movement sweeping the countryside.

They claim to be fighting the communist insurgency, but in a society that is desperate for change, it is the popular, non-violent organiser who poses the greatest threat to the status quo — and who provides the easiest target.

The vigilantes' origins vary from region to region; in some cases they grow out of the Civilian Home Defence Forces organised under Marcos to combat the leftist insurgency. They can be traced also to the private armies assembled by landlords (including Aquino's family, the Cojuangcos) to protect their interests against bandits and peasants. Several have such roots in fanatical religious cults. The most recent generation of vigilantes, however, dates back to 1984. Guerillas from the New People's Army around Davao City, in Mindanao, learned that the Marcos government had infiltrated their ranks. The guerrillas responded with a frenzy of killing, massacring anyone they remotely suspected. Townspeople responded by forming Alsa Masa ("Masses Arise") which proposed to protect the community from guerrilla abuse.

The vigilantes quickly extended their mandate from striking armed guerrillas to those they judged to be sympathisers, and soon anyone who disagreed with a vigilante — whether on religious, political, or personal grounds — was fair game. There are now more than 40 vigilante groups scattered over the archipelago.

Although some of the targets may have been guerrillas, many, such as Norberto Gallines, were merely unlucky. Gallines, a 28-year-old husband and father of three, was hoeing a plot of land outside his home on Negros on June 28, 1987 when a band of Alsa Masa passed by. The vigilantes beat Gallines, then beheaded and disemboweled him with their bolo knives. They wrapped the head in a jacket and took it to the local garrison, claiming it belonged to an NPA guerrilla. The commander told them they had made a mistake. He ordered his men to throw the head into a ditch, where it lay until Gallines's widow located it for burial. When the commander was asked why no action was taken, the response was nonchalant: just because there's a head, there's no reason to suspect a crime.

The vigilante movement is the greatest single paradox of the Aquino government. Much of Aquino's popular appeal was based on her own status as a victim: her campaign included a promise to disband the Civilian Home Defence Forces and landlords' private armies. But the new government put out mixed signals. Despite Aquino's initial anti-vigilante statements, her powerful minister of local government, Jamie Ferrer, sent a message of active support for the groups, and even threatened to fire mayors and governors who refused to join the vigilante effort. (This may have been a factor in his assassination in Manila last August).

Last April, General Fidel Ramos issued a directive that put the vigilantes under military supervision. At an October rally in a slum district of Davao, Aquino herself praised Alsa Masa in no uncertain terms: "We look up to you as the example in our fight against communism," she told the cheering crowd.

Many Filipinos now believe that the United States is actively promoting the vigilante movement through military and intelligence ties. So far the evidence is inconclusive, but on a visit to the Philippines last June, Secretary of State George Shultz went on the record with his moral support — referring to the vigilantes as "citizens' groups". "As I understand it," he said, "they are being organised within the framework of government authority. President Aquino has supported that approach and we support what she is standing for."

Escalation of violence

It is hard to imagine a scenario for the Philippines that doesn't include an escalation in violence. It is even harder to image the United States standing idly by. Large-scale investments, long-standing political ties, and two major US bases bind the two countries together.

Guerrilla forces in the New People's Army are approaching 30,000, compared to 155,000 soldiers in the armed forces. As the insurgency gains momentum, there are sounds of panic from Washington, and George Shultz has advised Aquino to look toward the "Salvador success story". Military observers say there has been heavy traffic on the part of US counterinsurgency experts from the Southern Command in Panama to the Philippines.

> *"The military doesn't like Cory Aquino; the feeling is mutual. The army believe she is soft on communism; Aquino has never forgiven them for imprisoning her husband"*

Unlike El Salvador, however, the Philippines already has upwards of 16,000 US servicemen in residence; there will be no congressional debates over whether there are 54 "military trainers" in the country or 55.

Cory's Army

Now that the United States has a head of state it can live with in Corazon Aquino, the remaining question is whether she can coexist with the Philippines military.

Last spring President Aquino was scheduled to make a speech at the Philippine Military Academy, the "West Point of the Philippines", situated in the fragrantly wooded town of Baguio. Sometime before the President arrived, someone within the heavily guarded academy installed a bomb in her podium. The timing was off, however, and she escaped injury. Here was a major assassination attempt against the President, yet there were no arrests, no trial, no convictions. This, as well as all other available evidence, led to the conclusion that the bomb was placed by the military.

The Philippines military doesn't like Corazon Aquino, and the feeling is mutual. The army believe that she is soft on communism; Aquino has never forgiven the military for imprisoning her husband and humiliating him every time she went to visit him.

The army, more than any other Philippine institution, was recreated by Marcos in his own image. To ensure their loyalty, he recruited officers from his native province of Ilocos, a rough-and-tumble territory dominated by blood loyalties and warlords. Ilocanos loyal to Marcos took over the hierarchy. Marcos made his chauffeur, Fabian Ver, a top-ranking general.

This provincial favouritism offended the career men's sense of professionalism and backfired when young officers, among them Gregorio Honasan and Rex Robles, banded together to form the Reform the Army Movement, or RAM, which led the mutiny against Marcos at a key moment in the February 1986 campaign.

Now it appears that the military is incapable of functioning as a unified force. RAM has been instrumental in several of the last few coup attempts (including the most recent, last August)

'And ever more came out of that same door wherein I went' . . .

This was the plaint of a man who could not escape the common round of conventional answers to his questions. Perhaps he was stuck in beliefs — maybe even sacred ones — but he was stuck. Is there no way out?

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lashing out against the military high command as well as Aquino, while fraternal organisations such as the Masons function as armies within the army. When another such group called the Guardians mounted a coup attempt in January 1987, they even planned to assassinate Brig. Gen. Antonio Sotelo, an Aquino supporter. He unknowingly saved his own life by changing his usual route to the office. Sotelo was later incensed when General Ramos tried to placate the rebels by talking about the "brotherhood of the military".

Growing frustration

Corazon Aquino and her supporters are fond of quoting a statement made by her husband some years ago. "Whoever succeeds Marcos will have his hands full with the problems Marcos leaves behind," he said. "I wouldn't take it on a silver platter." This fatalism is a now-familiar theme — the belief that any failures on the part of the government can't be hung on the Aquino administration. But Ninoy also understood the political implications of poverty in his country, and knew that profound economic reform was not merely an idea to be trotted out for visiting foreign journalists, but was absolutely necessary for any future government's survival.

His wife may have appeared on a white horse at the right moment in history, but she is even less a child of the masses than her husband was. More importantly, while Ninoy's overwhelming extroverted personality was always impelling him to sample others' experiences and realities, her impulse has been to pull back into the comfort of the familiar, to protect her privacy and her ladylike reserve. Her answer to conflict and challenge is to withdraw, not to engage.

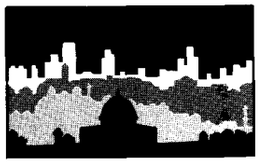
In many respects, this is her tragedy, not her fault. Her background taught her that the world was justly divided into those who produced riches of the earth by hard work, and those who administered them through their wisdom.

This outlook means that Aquino has addressed the question of economic development in terms of GNP, not the base wages of the poor. Her cabinet ministers say land reform should be designed to enhance export earnings, rather than answer the sharecroppers' demands. Faced with an already overcrowded country whose population is due to double in 30 years, she followed the strictures of the Pope and Cardinal Sin and pressed for a right-to-life clause in the new constitution; her government is now dismantling the few birth control clinics set up under Marcos. The judicial system still attends to the rights of property rather than to the basic human rights abused by the military and vigilantes.

Aquino has shown compassion for those who have suffered as she suffered: political prisoners, widows, property owners robbed by Marcos. But she seems immune to the kinds of suffering — starvation, land hunger, infant mortality — that threaten the order of her universe. As the poor and disenfranchised begin to register that immunity, their frustration grows. That frustration could be the crucible of the second Philippines revolution. □

Anne Nelson is a journalist who has worked for many years in Central America and recently spent three months in the Philippines.

DISCOVER ISRAEL



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☆ REMEMBER DEIR YASIN
☆ VOLUNTEER AS EYE-WITNESS IN WEST BANK AND GAZA STRIP
☆ PROTECT PALESTINIANS FROM ISRAELI OCCUPATION ATROCITIES

● In the four months of the Palestinian unarmed uprising, the Israeli occupation forces — army, border police and regular police — have so far shot dead nearly 200 Palestinian men and women, most of whom were youths, some were children under fourteen, all were unarmed, killed by the Israeli occupation forces in their efforts to suppress the uprising.

● Following the uprising, Israeli occupation policies of collective punishment against the Palestinian people have been extensively documented in the West: denial of supplies of fuel and electricity; arrests of many thousands; demolition of homes of detainees; illegal deportations; indiscriminate beating directed to maim and mutilate; illegal application of tear gas in confined places resulting at times in miscarriage of pregnant women; and the murder of unarmed protesters against the Israeli occupation at the rate of one person every 15 hours on average. Adjusted for population size, the equivalent figure in the United Kingdom would be over 2000 persons: 500 persons per month.

The person presiding over these war crimes is the Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhaq Shamir.

● Forty years ago, on 15 May 1948, the state of Israel was declared established. Also, forty years ago, on 9 April 1948, as a prelude to the declaration of the establishment of the state of Israel, the Revisionist Zionist organisations *Irgun Zevai Leumi* (IZL), headed by former Prime Minister Menachem Begin, and the *Lohamei Herut Israel* (LEHI), headed by a collective leadership which included the present Prime Minister of Israel Yitzhaq Shamir, committed the atrocity of the Deir Yasin massacre. In this massacre some 250 unarmed civilians of the village of Deir Yasin in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem — men, women and children — were murdered. Bloodstained survivors of the massacre were then marched by the IZL and LEHI perpetrators of this war crime through the streets of the city.

The presence of foreign observers and news reporters can protect the Palestinian population from even worse atrocities.

At a time when the Israeli occupation authorities impose repeated embargoes on independent press, television and radio reporting from the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, we call upon our concerned fellow Britons in all walks of life to visit Israel and volunteer as observers to be with Palestinians under Israeli occupation for the duration of their visit with the view of submitting eye-witness reports to the Government, to the media and to appropriate international bodies concerned with the question of Palestine.

Further details, consultation and travel arrangements: JERUSALEM & PEACE SERVICE, 1A HIGHBURY GROVE COURT, HIGHBURY GROVE, LONDON N5 2NH, tel: (01)-226 7050

Jerusalem and Peace Service is a London-based consultancy office. One of its primary aims is to provide individuals and groups with the opportunity to learn first hand about Palestinian society by meeting and talking with a cross-section of those involved: Palestinians as well as members of Israeli opposition groups.

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A history not of what to think, but how

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

summons the New Statesman (1913-1988) to renew its great tradition

MOST PEOPLE can place events in their "private" lives by reference to certain dates or benchmarks in what we may still unironically term "the public arena". This mnemonic ability may be trivial, as when some relation speaks of a distant kinsman who was wed in the year of the Golden — "no I tell a lie, it was the *Diamond*" — Jubilee. With more solemnity, some apparently serious people think it important to tell you just where they were standing, or what they were doing, when they heard the news of the assassination of John F. Kennedy. (I once received some hate mail, when, recalling the 1962 Cuba missile crisis, I detailed my exact whereabouts and emotions on the day the boy President nearly killed *me*. Many readers, I learned, like their historical allusions to be kept strictly orderly.)

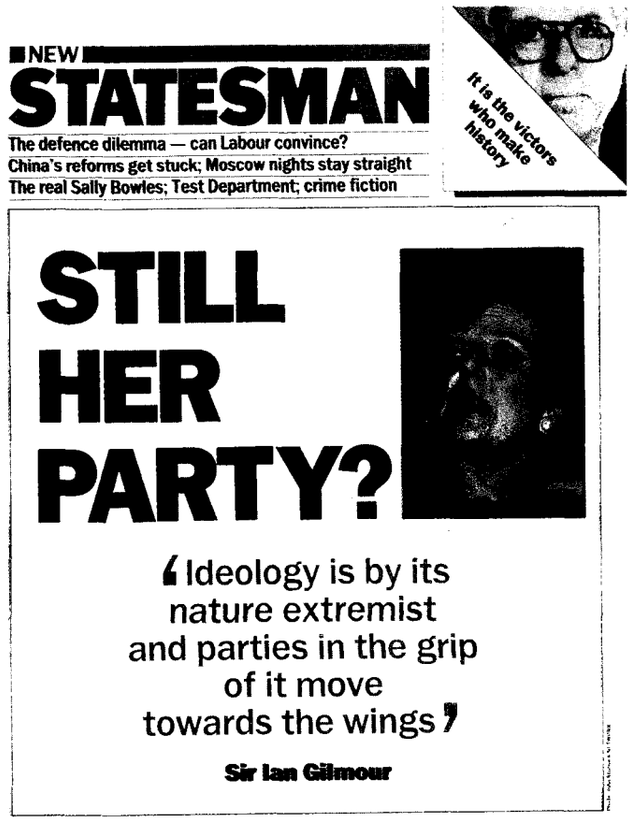
In fact, I don't much depart from the norm. 1952 was the year of the Coronation because it was the year I was taken to the cinema for the first time. I can conjure flickering images of Suez and Hungary by reference to the early days of family television ownership, and I recall a double hanging taking place because it was scheduled to occur during breakfast on the last day of a school term; a day of incongruous emancipation. But I can very distinctly evoke the day when the negative was reversed, and I could place the "political" time from a "private" experience. I was sitting in a study room at a Methodist boarding school in Cambridge, reading a volume I had found in the library. The book was an anthology called *New Statesmanship* and its editor, I remember, was Edward Hyams. I suddenly began to bang my head on the arm of my chair, as a particular nuance in the argument before me engaged with some rather inchoate sympathies and suspicions of my own. With my finger still between the pages, I got up and stamped about a bit. I began to practise some of the phrases and arguments, probably with the intention of trying them on the Debating Society and a few chosen friends. The article I had hit upon was "Britain and the Nuclear Bombs", by J.B. Priestley. It had been published in the *New Statesman* on 2 November 1957, when I had been eight years old, and I was reading it as if it had just been written. I would now guess, placing the memory in context, that this was the year of grace 1966 — the beginning of the sordid ebb-tide of Wilsonism. Years later, working at Great Turnstile and hearing the *NS* described by Anthony Howard as "a missionary outpost to the middle classes", I joined in the laughter of self-deprecation but remembered the traffic humming by on Fen Causeway that evening and thought — yes. That's what it *ought* to be. That's where I came in.

Dates become easier and more difficult as one lives through more "turning points". It must have been 1978 or 1979 when I took a train from Blackpool with a verbal challenge still in my ears. "I doubt," Edward Thompson had said, "that your editor will want to use it. Or not all of it at any rate." He and I had been addressing a conference fringe meeting about yet another Official Secrets frame-up (by now, we were in the sordid ebb-tide of Callaghan-Footism) and he had told me that he wanted to break silence. The last time he had approached the *NS* had been about the British torture of prisoners in Cyprus, and the young whipper-snapper Paul Johnson had let him down on a promise to publish. If the paper wanted his new essay — all of it — then fine. If not, then nothing was lost. I silently disagreed with the second of these opinions.

Heart on fire

I had my differences with Bruce Page but when he emerged from his office with that heavy manuscript and said, "I see no reason not to publish all of this at once", I felt that there was a certain fitness to things. Priestley's 1957 article strikes me now as a shade John Bullish, and more than a touch sentimental. Edward Thompson's essay ("The Secret State Within The State") which so intricately filiated such grand matters as the Cold War, the nuclear system, individual liberty and personal honour, still strikes me as containing the essence of New Statesmanship. The heart on fire: the brain on ice. Thompson's own background and formation contain elements both of the middle class and the missionary. Yet it would be a dull or foolhardy person who employed either term as a sneer in this instance. The tradition, which extends from the foes of the Poor Law to the Friends of India, is *our* tradition in ways which cannot be escaped.

Ought one to even wish to escape it? The *NS* has never done well when it has apologised for, or felt uneasy with, the strain of English radical reformism. Editors and writers who flinched at jibes like "elitist", "academic" or (all purpose) "Hampstead" have tended to under-perform. The best course is to find opinionated, arrogant, radical originals and to let them feel that they will not be inhibited. This will hold good for literary matters as it does with more overtly "political" questions, and will often call upon the gifts of the same kind of people. The twentieth century has taught the left (has it not?) that "the masses" are composed of "individuals" and that any vulgar counterposition of the two will bring forth horrors. (It is invariably the suppression of individuality, for example, that necessitates the equal and opposite *grotesquerie* of


NEW
STATESMAN
The defence dilemma — can Labour convince?
China's reforms get stuck; Moscow nights stay straight
The real Sally Bowles; Test Department; crime fiction
It is the victors who make history
STILL HER PARTY?
'Ideology is by its nature extremist and parties in the grip of it move towards the wings'
Sir Ian Gilmour

The changing face of the *Statesman*. The first full colour cover (left), under editor John Lloyd, 3 October 1986, was preceded by (right): Kingsley Martin's logo went red (1959) after 46 years in black and white; Paul Johnson made the title pink (1966) and changed the cover format (1969); Richard Crossman introduced illustrated covers (1971); Anthony Howard changed them back again (1972); Bruce Page (1978) brought in the basic look we still see today

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the "cult of the personality".) Many of the *New Statesman*'s natural stable, I would venture to say, are *elite* but not elit*ist*. Writers such as Gore Vidal, Bertrand Russell, Graham Greene, Kenneth Tynan and others are and were effective precisely because of the low value they put on any kind of consensus. "Commitment", to them, is and was not to be understood as merely "alignment". The *NS* has no choice but to try and be the resort of such authors — not because they are "names" but because before they were names they knew an intelligent and independent paper from a simply politicised and sympathetic one.

Worse than silly

If this doltishly obvious precept is followed with any care, it will confer one crucial advantage among many. It will allow a paper to be wrong, and to rise above its mistakes. The important question to ask of any serious party or any serious magazine is not *what* it thinks but *how* it thinks. (The same, clearly, goes for any serious person.) Conor Cruise O'Brien, in a clever but rather flippant spectre-at-the-feast job on the *Statesman*'s 50th birthday entitled "Chorus or Cassandra?", was able to make telling points about the paper's consistency — its "line" if you like — during the late thirties. One doesn't grudge him his fun. The editors had then wanted two contradictory things: the defeat of fascism and the avoidance of rearmament and world war. Neither aim was exactly ignoble, but the pursuit of *both* sometimes deserved the appellation so often visited on the less convincing efforts of English do-gooding; which is to say that it was silly. Other manifestations of the Fabian conscience and method during that time were a little worse than silly. I recently looked up H.G. Wells's conversation with Stalin, which the *NS* ran with a straight face on 27 October 1934, and found it as unimprovably writhe-making as I had remembered it:

> WELLS: I am very much obliged to you, Mr Stalin, for agreeing to see me. I was in the United States recently, I had a long conversation with President Roosevelt and tried to ascertain what his leading ideas were. Now I have come to you to ask what you are doing to change the world.
>
> STALIN: Not so very much.
>
> WELLS: I wander round the world as a common man, and, as a common man, observe what is going on around me.

Quite. It's difficult to decide what or how Wells thinks here (and one ought to add, for the sake of fairness to the good name of Fabianism, that George Bernard Shaw did contribute an article ridiculing Wells's style as a questioner). As a result, the re-reading of those yellowed pages is still vital and instructive. The contortions of the *bien-pensants*, as they made the painful discovery we all have to make — which is that the wrong people can have the right line — form part of our common intellectual history.

Inconvenient facts

So, in its way, does Kingsley Martin's most celebrated dereliction during that devil's decade, which was his decision to suppress George Orwell's despatches from Barcelona (described euphemistically by Edward Hyams as "a very difficult decision — to refuse to publish Orwell's articles against the Spanish government at the height of the Spanish Civil War"). By declining to print the facts abut Stalinism in Catalonia, as reliably witnessed and reported, the *NS* did more than miss the opportunity to publish a modern classic. It betrayed its commitment to the inconvenient fact, and to the inconvenient writer. Kingsley Martin admitted at the time, and confessed in his memoirs, that he had good reason to believe Orwell was telling the truth. It was a case of our old friend and enemy, the concept of unripe time. It was also an appearance by our other old friend "objectively",

New Statesman 15 April 1988

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who sometimes goes under the alias of "giving ammunition to the enemy". In this unprincipled utilitarianism we have an example of what I meant by failure, not in what the *NS* thought, but how.

The *NS* can be said in a sense to have "missed the sixties". Between the decline of "Aldermaston" and the rise of "Greenham" the paper actually paid very little attention to what any fool knows to be the great issue of our time. It took an honourable position on Vietnam and on many other critical matters, but it appeared to the emerging radical generation more as a survival than as a beacon. It wrote *about* that generation, in tones of civilised curiosity to be sure, but not *for* it.

This "break" in the paper's evolution, which has led to a long-run decline whose outcome is uncertain, had to do with the eclipse of two related institutions. The first is the British Labour Party and the second is the British Empire. The two have not declined in quite the same way or for quite the same reasons. But their respective sunsets have both left the Fabian tradition in a definite shadow. As Hyams puts it in his history of the *NS*:

> The Webbs were imperialist and so was the first editor [Clifford] Sharp. It was not so much that these Fabians objected to Indians or Africans having self-government, as that they seem to have objected to fragmentation of a Commonwealth which might, perhaps, be turned over intact to Socialism as one huge rationally governed unit.

Fabianism and the Empire was the title of one of the most important tracts put out by the parents of the *New Statesman*. Sidney Webb, in his incarnation as Lord Passfield, was the most assiduous and the most reactionary of any Colonial Secretary appointed by a Labour administration. Deeply embedded in the Fabian idea was an impression of British greatness. It was Kingsley Martin's achievement to have turned the paper somewhat away from Fabian imperialism, but it is impossible to read his memoirs without imbibing from every page his magnificent conceit about the standing of the *NS* and himself in the emerging Third World. (Visiting India for the *NS* in 1979-80, I myself caught some of the last exhalations of this.) The role of the paper in forwarding a relatively humane decolonisation cannot be, but often is, overstated. The *Encounter* school of Anglo-Americanism still tends to blame the current state of the Third World on the unsoundness of doctrines propagated by the *NS* and the London School of Economics, also founded by the Webbs. Anyway, the real difficulty came after this accomplishment. As British life developed increasingly insular characteristics, why should Bengalis, Iraqis, Cypriots and Malawians continue to read the paper? Shorn of this relevance, furthermore, what was its continued appeal to Americans, Germans, Australians? The subscription lists tell their own story. On the two oustanding post-imperial issues that were still of urgent interest to domestic readers — Ireland and Palestine — the *NS* had a wavy and erratic "line".

And what of Labour — whose policy in office Edward Thompson was excoriating in *his* great piece? In a 1963 article in the paper, and in a later essay in the anthology *Towards Socialism*, Richard Crossman (editor 1970-72) had written scathingly of the disease of "ex-ministeritis" which had "blighted the self-criticism which should have made the political wilderness blossom with socialist ideas". Under the dread editorial initials *RHSC* and the yet more dread Diary pseudonym *Crux*, the paper became committed more and more but to less and less. With Labour in opposition and Crossman released from Cabinet responsibilities, ex-ministeritis became a scourge. The *NS* became more politicised and uniform than it had been under Paul Johnson's fairly lenient and eclectic sixties reign. The problem was that, to the accompaniment of a crass and vulgar pictorial re-launch, it urged Labour to occupy abandoned Conservative ground.

Nihilism vs narcissism

Put it any way you like; by the end of the seventies it was not only the United Kingdom that had lost an empire and not yet found a role. In the wider culture, and in the journalism that reflected it, there was the beginning of the uninteresting confrontation between the nihilism of punk and the narcissism of the yuppie. I felt protected, in the early stages of this *dialogue des sourds*, by having *NS* colleagues like Martin Amis, James Fenton, Julian Barnes and Duncan Campbell. In their different ways, they all had something of "the project of the whole man" about them; a genius that does its best work alone and because it must, but which does so with some intention of sharing the good news. I still brood sometimes about what might have happened if we had succeeded to editorial control over the paper in 1978, as we modestly proposed ourselves to do. . .

While this "project of the whole man", as Lukács termed it, remains so distant, and while the very idea of public and social conscience has come under attack on such a broad front, it will be idle to say that radical and critical journalism has any want of subjects. On the contrary, there are innumerable areas of urgent interest and concern that only lack the proper attention and the apposite mode of expression. It has been very lowering to see, over the past few years, the atomisation of the "good brave causes"; the erection of ever more intensely reified sectarian and minority definitions.

This fragmentation may be part of the widespread discredit of the "socialist" or "collectivist" outlook: a fashionable and ahistorical discredit which forgets that collective and even statist solutions are actually mandated by reality itself, and that the right and the bureaucracy are quite capable of setting themselves such tasks if the left rushes to foreswear them. The whole process has been accompanied by a distinct rise in the jargon level and by a surly defection, to short-term and banal or to outright selfish politics, of many of the potential audience of the *NS*. Never has there been a more pressing need for a tough, ironic, omnivorous, *synthesising* style, which takes up fresh questions in order both to understand and to change them. □

"Lines of Dissent — writing from the New Statesman, 1913 to 1988" will be published next month by Verso, £14.95.

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE NEW STATESMAN ON ITS 75TH ANNIVERSARY.

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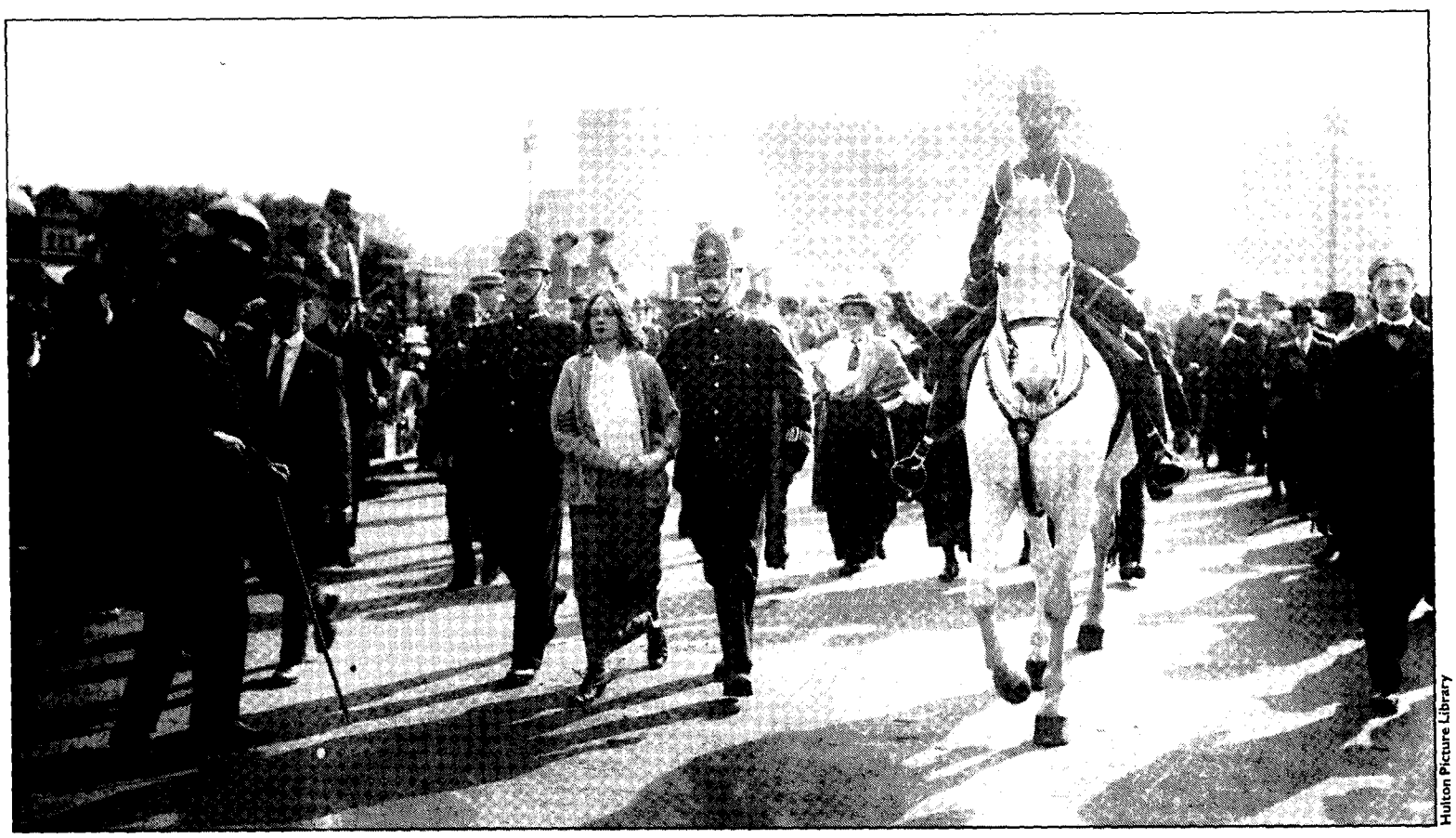

Hulton Picture Library

1913 — high point for New Stateswomen

SARAH BENTON *dusted down some old bound volumes of the NS to read, and this is what she found*

TO READ back issues of a periodical is a humbling reminder of the limits of journalism. It records the voices of those who shout loudest in the ears of ministers and editors. It stands as a record of their prejudices. Thus the *New Statesman* is a good record of the ideology of progressive professional men as they pressed on with their mission to realise the democratic, interventionist state and a peaceful world order.

But as a record of the forces that shaped the twentieth century, the *New Statesman* is no better than *Woman's Own*, and possibly worse. Blind to a world in which women wanted smaller families and better health care, work of some sort but more independence with it, *New Statesman* writers often only discovered such social trends when an official report appeared about them. Yet these have done as much to shape Britain as the policies of Labour Party or trade unions which the paper has consistently recorded for most of its life.

As every progressive man over 60 today appears to have been a personal friend of Kingsley Martin, the paper's most enduring editor, the *New Statesman* did have a larger pool of prejudice to draw on than most. But that sometimes simply reinforced their prejudices; if no lunching companion knew of women's clamour for better health-care, then it was not of note.

Sometimes the flaws in the system were more dramatic. Bolts from the blue — the dropping of the atom bomb — forced Martin to make up a response for himself. He hesitantly welcomed the bomb as forcing the world to choose between world peace and destruction. Being a new statesman, he was sure the world would choose peace. Despite a huge mailbag from hostile and anxious readers, he published only one critical letter, from Dr Alex Comfort, who stated coldly that the failure of English liberal thought to dissociate from the bomb "is likely to cover us with well-merited disgrace in the eyes of history". Kingsley Martin (writing anonymously) seemed quite unaware of how shocked many were at the use of the bomb, though other contributors (who also wrote anonymously) recorded the fear and repugnance.

Nothing reveals the limits of progressive male opinion so well as the response to the declining birth rate. The paper disapproved of Marie Stopes in the 1920s as she battled to propagate birth-control techniques, and had little time for Labour women's campaigns for the right to birth control and maternity provision. But as leaders of opinion they needed to explain the falling birth rate, apparent by the end of the second world war — and tried (not very well) to conceal their class alarm. How could this — one of the major social changes of the century, be explained? It definitely wasn't due to contraception, not least because use of the techniques (condoms and caps) for more than twelve months led to "degenerative changes in the genital organs of the woman". One reader wrote in suggesting the cause was refined food ("the less affluent classes and races breed more freely" because they eat more wholesome stuff).

A report from Mass Observation in 1945 suggested that such was the decline of the middle class that Eton might have to open its doors to all to survive. The reviewer thought this "a situation which, though not altogether unattractive politically, would be undesirable eugenically". Another reader pointed out that it was "painfully clear to any uncluttered, official mind" that it was due to the emancipation of women. But on this major change the *New Statesman's* remained cluttered and official.

The blindness is there for much economic change too. As the availability of a large supply of cheap labour is a major determinant of the economy, so tracing the employment of women —

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the most constant pool of cheap labour through the century — must be a central part of the story. It isn't. And much that has happened in the British economy remains a mystery. At the same time, a demand by women for more independence and for alternatives to menial and oppressive jobs radically changed the economy — and the hopes of the professional middle class — through periodic nursing shortages and a permanent refusal to be domestic servants. Not until Violet Markham produced a White Paper towards the end of World War II on domestic service — make the work professional was her answer — does the *New Statesman* see it as anything but the "servant problem" that so bedevilled the lives of a radical middle class. Even then, the subject only crops up in a radio review by Edward Sackville-West who manages to both rid himself of class bias (the simple answer is that everyone should have servants) and reaffirm them: professionalisation won't do, for servants must obey; and in rural areas they must live in.

Women for Westminster

But in politics, the record is more mixed. Politics is the public expression of demands for change, for a voice, and where that voice does not exist, it cannot be reported. For much of the *New Statesman's* history, women had no clear political voice. Oh, of course the prejudice persisted even when there was a voice. During the second world war, party politics was paralysed. The first issue on which the truce broke down was equal pay, on which Churchill was to general astonishment defeated, so strongly had the undertow of feeling been passed on to MPs. The *New Statesman* had consistently supported the principle of equal pay. But this political event and the feeling behind it barely receives a comment. Nor did the paper have anything to say about Women for Westminster, one of several new political groupings that moved into the dead space of the wartime party truce. It was, it is true, not as influential as Common Wealth, an independent, radical party, or the Communist Party, both of which the *NS* covered extensively. But Women for Westminster raised questions about the nature of citizenship and representation which needed sponsorship from some influential group. It is by such exclusions that the deadening parameters of Labour's political thought are drawn.

The contributors to the first issues of the *New Statesman* would, had they fallen asleep at the start of the first world war and woken up 25 or 50 years later, have been astonished. And horribly depressed. For 1913 was unique in the history of women's politics. The agitation for women's suffrage appeared to become more frantic, more desperate, by the week, while the syndicalist and Home Rule movements had abated, the first through defeats, the second through the passing of a Home Rule Bill. The most exciting industrial movement for the *New Statesman* was "Larkinism" in Ireland, a bewitching mix of industrial direct action and political opposition to capitalism and landlords. It did not spread to England. In 1913 "militant" had only one meaning: a woman prepared to break all the rules for her cause. And that left feminism in its unique position; nothing else hurled out so many questions about so much; nothing else so exposed the failure of Liberals to behave like new statesmen. They used the powers of the state to force-feed women, to release those near death and re-arrest them, to raid the offices of suffrage organisations, to threaten *The Suffragette* with closure. This was not the state the new paper knew could be created if run by enlightened men and, of course, women.

Not a sex question

In the very first issue of the *NS* Bernard Shaw canters into print to taunt the Liberals with their use of forcible feeding. "This is not a sex question," he insists, for a government that could do this to women could do it to men. That is, it tells us something about the men who run the state, not the women who protest against it. Yet it was the sex of the protesters — offenders and victims at the same time — which alone explains this unique political clash. Seventy years later, in a more liberated era, women dressed in tough trousers and jackets lay down peaceably at Greenham Common and defied the police to manhandle them. That jolted journalism into a spate of heavy breathing about women and protest. How much more startling it was to witness women in long, constrictive dresses, women barred from political citizenship because of their physical frailty but higher moral sensibility, being dragged off to prison. How shocking to then read of their refusal to eat and the undoubted torture of forcible feeding. How extraordinary to realise that these haggard, defiant women were prepared to die for the cause.

Correspondence on suffrage dominated the first letters column of the new paper. Editorially, the paper supported women's suffrage

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but opposed the tactics of the suffragettes (as did most of those in the suffrage movement), believing they left the government no room to manoeuvre and thus delayed the "inevitable" granting of the vote. But writers and correspondents both recognised that "militancy" had a much wider symbolic significance; it was a representation of the "new woman" and a new politics in an age which believed a new state must come into being as the highest form of civilisation.

Their faith was unshakeable. So surely must society progress towards the new collective State that the public failure to grasp this truth exasperated rather than angered the Fabians of the new paper. The Webbs diligently undertook the education of the readership in a 22-part series on "What is Socialism?" The series revealed how every one of society's problems — and these were very naked in 1913 — could be solved by the sensible application of collective organisation and state intervention. A monthly supplement on "Blue Books" (government papers) explained the workings of the state to those who expected in time to run it.

The influence of feminism is apparent in many of the parts — such as the proposal that domestic work be collectively organised. Women too have an institutionalised role in that early vision of the democratic state because, influenced by guild socialism, the Fabians firmly believed that it was as important to organise consumers as producers. (It was not a political view which could withstand the power of the trade unions in the Labour Party.) And two special supplements on women in the first year — "The Awakening of Women" and women in industry — together comprised the most thorough statement of socialist feminism of its times.

To the modern reader, the arguments are extraordinarily familiar. They have changed less than the discourse on any other of the big issues of the time — labour, the state, the empire, the relation of the races, the nature of human progress. The simple reason for this is that women alone amongst the oppressed have not aimed for self-government. They have not even been able to imagine a society in which their oppressors do not participate as people. And they have no experience of running their own state, or society, to change the discourse through disillusion and cynicism. For other movements, the language of equal status is a step towards the demand for independent, self-governing status. For women, political equality is the limit. For women alone, the dream of a society of sexual equals can be re-created time and time again, and then slide back under a discourse of women's natural role as the longed-for reform fails to carry the weight of their expectations.

It was Beatrice Webb who produced the analysis which is familiar to our ears but must have startled the new statesmen, who certainly never pursued it. The awakening of women, she wrote in the supplement, "is one of three simultaneous world-movements towards a more equal partnership among human beings in human affairs. . ." The other two were the movement of labour, and "the unrest among subject-peoples struggling for freedom to develop their own peculiar civilizations." And, she added with that wondrous Fabian certainty, "all three movements are progressing towards achievement".

The enemy of all three, the common oppressor, was a "male, white property owner". Indeed, in a recent book attacking women's suffrage, Sir Almroth Wright explicitly classed together "the subject class, the subject-race and the subject-sex". The very idea of equality strikes him as, in his words, "unworthy of a virile and imperial race".

The language of the time is suffused with the word "race", sometimes meaning white, sometimes European, sometimes — often — simply meaning humans. The society which gave birth to the *New Statesman* and to these great protest movements was one which had incorporated Darwin into the Whiggish liberalism and believed progress to greater democracy was the engine of history. Britain and its Empire stood at the pinnacle of achievement so far, a model to others (despite Mrs Webb) of the enlightened treatment of its subject races. These were best understood as "non-adult races", proposed the Webbs in their 22-part series. Today they need our help and protection; but they too will, as do all human societies, progress towards being just like us as surely as children become like their parents.

Sexual disease

The other side of the progressives' adaptation of Darwin was a profound sentiment about the health of the race. For feminists, the image of a strong woman striding uncorseted and un-

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MEMBERS will have had a special letter about this characteristically Fabian venture, with which so many of them are associated in one way or another. The private company (of which Sidney Webb is Chairman, and Mrs. Webb, H. D. Harben, G. Bernard Shaw and Edward Whitley are Directors) has held its statutory meeting; and though no public invitation to take shares can be issued, any Fabian wishing to be "in" the enterprise and to help as a shareholder (pecuniary profit very problematical!) is requested to communicate with Sidney Webb, 41 Grosvenor Road, Westminster. The Editor (Clifford D. Sharp), the Literary Editor (Jack Collings Squire), and the Secretary (Julius West) have now moved to the permanent offices, 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, W.C. The first number (containing an important article by G. B. S., and the first of a series by Sidney and Beatrice Webb on "What is Socialism?") will appear on Saturday, 12th April, when every member is requested to importune every newsagent and bookstall on his route, until he or she has secured at least one copy.

(Fabian News, April 1913)

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cosseted to her destiny was as much an image of a new health as new womanhood. Fears that poverty, low wages, slums were wrecking the health of the British race were endemic. "Much of the womanhood of the nation is sacrificed to a suffering which is not for the good but for the degradation of the race," wrote Lady Balfour in her contribution on motherhood in the first supplement.

And bubbling below this, emerging into shameful life through the women, was the horror of sexual disease. This was the suffragette *coup de grace*. Let the men claim what they liked about their fitness to rule; the evidence of thousands of women and children whose bodies and minds had been ravaged by syphilis contracted from the family patriarch gave the lie to that.

The *New Statesman* was nervous of this argument, but gave it space. The most common disease of children is "congenital disease" wrote Lady Balfour again, in the euphemism for venereal disease. "Up until quite lately there has been a conspiracy of silence about its very existence. . ." The literary editor, Hubert Bland, commented: "Marriage in the middle classes too often rests on a basis of prostitution. And the middle-class woman has found it out." The making public of what men had stridently insisted was properly private was then, as today, one of the greatest challenges to political culture. But by and large, the *New Statesman* was happier to see the improvement of life in the appointment of more factory inspectors.

When women stopped making united political demands, the *New Statesman* stopped noticing them. There is little coverage of women's employment, or certainly of childbirth and contraceptive demands. An easy misogyny creeps back into the paper, which has no qualms in publishing articles on why women should be kept out of pubs and how they are, and ever will be, worse drivers than men (they expect men to give way to them on the road as on the footpath was the explanation). By the 1930s, progressive opinion had discovered sex for itself through the influence of the sex reform movement. This too was adapted to the model of healthy living. Sexual intercourse and lots of fine children meant healthy living, preferably fed on a high-roughage diet. (The *New Statesman* was a leader of opinion on constipation.) The unhealthy were those who indulged in too much contraception — or who remained spinsters.

This new model was to create an impossible predicament for women in the new socialist world after the war. The *New Statesman* assumes unquestioningly that all married women want to stay at home feeding the minds of their families with love and their bodies with bran. On the other hand, older unmarried women create an unhealthy atmosphere, apparent in schools and hospitals. In the brave new state, to be finally and soberly constructed by Labour, there appears no public role for women at all. Not until the late 1960s, when books on feminism started to be published, do women as public and political beings reappear in the paper, ushered in through the back half. The paper, the party the paper has so long supported and journalism itself are all distorted by that lack. □

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THE NEW STATESMAN

A Weekly Review of Politics and Literature

VOL. I. No. 1.] SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1913 [REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.] [SIXPENCE

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All MSS. and letters relating thereto should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.

THOSE who would have it that we are a nation of sentimentalists will never find a more conclusive demonstration of their proposition than that which has been provided by the British Press during the past week in its comments on the coercion of Montenegro. We are, most of us, of course, so abysmally ignorant with regard to foreign affairs that sentiment is always apt to have more than its proper share of influence in the determination of our views about them; but usually, when we are offered a choice of views, there is one that is much more obviously sentimental than the rest. In the present controversy, however, this distinction is wanting. In point of sentiment there seems to be nothing to pick between the two opposing parties.

* * *

The issue is as to who shall have Scutari. The larger party, which supports the Montenegrin claim, begs us to remember that it was Montenegro which for centuries alone upheld the banner of Christianity in the Balkan peninsula, that it was Montenegro which fired the first shot in this war against the unspeakable Turk, that it is Montenegro which so far has suffered the heaviest losses and made the fewest acquisitions, and last but not least, that it was Montenegro—not Albania—which inspired some of the finest poems of the late Lord Tennyson. On the other side it is urged by individuals claiming to have made personal inspection of the nationalities of the inhabitants of Scutari that it is an Albanian town—by a substantial majority—and that consequently to hand it over to Montenegro would be to violate the most fundamental of national rights. We need not stay to inquire what, if this doctrine be accepted, will have to be done about Quebec, Hongkong, Pretoria, Calcutta, Belfast and the rest. Nor need we anticipate the probable unwillingness of the Albanian tribesmen to be formed into anything that could be described as an autonomous nation. All these things are for the moment, at all events, beside the point. The outstanding fact in the situation, the only fact that can possibly weigh with those who are responsible for determining British action, is that Austria has put her foot down.

* * *

The conflict which rages round the possession of Scutari is indeed at bottom a question of race, but the races concerned are the Austrians and the Slavs, not the Montenegrins and the Albanians. Austria, who sees her Empire, her very existence, threatened by the successes of the young Slav nations, has hitherto allowed her bellicose impulses to be curbed by the Great Powers (*Les Grandes Impuissances* as they have been irreverently termed on the other side of the Balkans ever since they forbade the war last autumn). She has seen the Slavs of Bulgaria established in territory within a few dozen miles of the gates of Constantinople, she has seen the Slavs of Servia spread southwards to the Aegean Sea, she has seen the coveted road to Salonika closed to her for ever; and she has submitted. But, to see the Slavs of Montenegro in possession of Scutari and the adjacent Adriatic coast is, if we are to believe Sir Edward Grey, more than she is prepared to stand. She will rather fight. That being so, there is no more to be said. Europe is not going to war over Scutari, even though the sympathies of every nation except Austria are with "gallant little Montenegro." The claims of sentiment in this affair, as we have seen, cancel each other out, and we may therefore with an easy conscience allow ourselves to be guided by common sense.

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1913 and all that

THE *New Statesman* was set up by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, with Clifford Sharp as editor and George Bernard Shaw as star writer, in 1913. The failure of Beatrice's minority report of the Poor Law Commission had exposed the weakness of the Webbs' strategy of permeating the Liberal and Conservative parties, so in 1912 they assigned their loyalty to the Labour Party.

The first issue appeared on 12 April 1913 (front cover, previous page), with a design that was to remain essentially unchanged until the 1950s (see page 25). It contained the following announcement, although Beatrice summed up the journal's role more succinctly: "To make the thinking persons socialistic."

THE NEW STATESMAN

We present to-day the first number of a new paper which is going, we hope, to occupy a place in the periodical literature which hitherto has been left unfilled. As far as the mere externals of scope, arrangement, and general format are concerned, we do not propose, as the reader will observe for himself, to ignore the traditions long associated with English weekly reviews; but our critical standpoint will be fresh. We shall deal with all current political, social, religious, and intellectual questions; but in doing so we shall be bound by no ties of party, class, or creed. Naturally, like everyone else, we have certain prepossessions of our own, a definite point from which we view each new issue as it arises. Indeed, we have more than that: we have a definite ideal at which we are consciously aiming. We believe that the steps which this country and all the other foremost communities in the world have lately been taking in the direction of a greater corporate responsibility, a greater corporate activity, and a greater corporate control of the resources and the social conditions of the nation are steps in the right direction, and we look forward to a time when this growing corporate life will be developed to a point far beyond anything that has yet been carried out or even planned in any part of the world. In common with every thinking man and woman of to-day we recognise that vast social changes are imminent, and for our own part we welcome them. That we welcome them is our bias. But it is not in any sense whatever a party bias. The world movement towards collectivism is altogether beyond and above party, and our belief in it rests neither upon dogma nor upon a desire to support any sectional interest, but simply upon a process of reasoning applied to the known facts of modern industrial organisation and political democracy. We have no axe to grind, no panacea to advertise, no theory which we should abandon with regret. We shall strive to face and examine social and political issues in the same spirit in which the chemist or the biologist faces and examines his test-tubes or his specimens, ignoring none of the factors, seeking to demonstrate no preconceived proportion, but trying to find out and spread abroad the truth whatever it may turn out to be. Social problems may not be — indeed, are not — susceptible of scientific analysis in the popular acceptation of that term, since human beings are not to be weighed in balances nor measured with micrometers; but unless there can be applied to them something at least of the detachment of the scientific spirit, they will never be satisfactorily solved. The cultivation of such a spirit and its deliberate application to matters of current controversy is the task which THE NEW STATESMAN has set for itself.

We are fully conscious of the difficulties which lie before those who seek to find a solvent for the almost infinitely complex problems of our twentieth-century social organisation. But for the fruits of the patient study of a generation of economists and sociologists, the attempt could not be made. Even to-day there are enormous gaps in our knowledge — gaps which no amount of goodwill on the one hand or social discontent on the other can of themselves help to fill. The remedying of the social defects of which we are all so painfully aware depends no doubt primarily upon the existence of a determination to remedy them; but it depends also, and no less emphatically, upon our knowing exactly how to set about it. The development of social science is of equal importance with the development of public spirit. Deprived of the one, the other can be but a voice crying in the wilderness — not entirely worthless, perhaps, but for the most part lost. In saying this we are, of course, only repeating a truism, but it is a trusim which is still far from securing the universal recognition which it must have.

We need not undertake to define the ideal State which we conceive as the goal of our search, for doubtless it is identical with that of all other people who are honestly and wholeheartedly seeking it. It is enough to say that it is a State in which health, comfort, culture and personal freedom are the rules instead of the exceptions. To carry the definition further by discussing the conditions under which these things may be secured for everyone would take us beyond the limits of our space and of our present intention. We have put our cards on the table. We have said enough to show our readers where we stand, and to convince them, we hope, that we really intend THE NEW STATESMAN to be an independent journal in the fullest sense of that word. It only remains for us to invite their support, not merely as readers, but as critics, correspondents, and collaborators in the task which we have undertaken. □

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This England

1960s

☐ Fortunately mine is an independent school and I am not obliged to make obeisance to the sacred cow called education. — Headmaster quoted in the *Times*

☐ "I'm glad to know there are rich people about. It affects me like looking at sunsets, and snow-capped mountains." — Enoch Powell interviewed in the *Daily Mail*

☐ Councillor Harry Wells told Windsor Council's general purposes committee meeting: "I was shocked at the lack of morals. There were young girls having their navels and breasts painted with flowers in broad daylight. At night couples were carrying on acts of immorality. I was in the Guards and I know what they were up to." — *Daily Sketch*

☐ Do the fools who condemn the Americans not realise that they are helping to bring forward the day when they themselves will be between the shafts of rickshaws, pulling Chinese commissars down Northumberland Street? — Letter in *Newcastle Evening Chronicle*

☐ Educated, aristocratic, 28, ambitious, chess and croquet player, fly fisherman, Bisley medallist, musical; seeks position in politics. — Personal ad in the *Times*

☐ There were four of us in the doctor's waiting room when in walked a Pakistani. He was about to go straight into the surgery when a woman jumped up and grabbed his arm, saying in very deliberate English: "We are before you. You take your turn. Understand?" The Pakistani, in equally deliberate English, replied: "No, you are after me. Me doctor. Understand?" — *Daily Mirror*

☐ When so much is said about dogs being forbidden in food shops, why are foreigners allowed to handle food, and even smell it before purchase? Surely this is even more unhygeinic than a well trained dog walking through a shop? — letter in *Bedfordshire Times*

☐ A simple solution to this dilemma is for those who live in the areas affected by these booms to wear ear muffs. The cost of this measure would be trivial compared with the profits that we as a nation would make from the sale and operation of Concorde. These ear muffs could be manufactured in a variety of attractive colours and could be issued free under the National Health Service, as are spectacles at present. — Letter in *South Wales Evening Post*

☐ A member of the platform staff admitted that the station was a bit grubby. "In the past we've always waited for a strong wind to blow the dust away," he said. — *Daily Telegraph*

☐ "In case you think Cheltenham is a dull town, a stuffy town, it isn't, because it's now ringed round by factories and the working classes have introduced an element of sex." — *Evening Standard*

☐ One of the original kittens had been killed by the Mau Mau and his preserved body was flown to England, said Miss Cotton. She went on: "He was the son of a cat whose picture appeared on National Saving's posters. We felt it was only right for him to be buried in his own country." — *Daily Mirror*

☐ Mr N. Ridley MP (C., Cirencester and Tewkesbury) said: "I have no objection to animals and birds being shot when they are going to take food or water or going to roost, but I think there is something rather unpleasant about the way they are often ensnared and shot at when making love." — *Guardian*

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☐ I am a fit, willing, efficient worker, and wish to participate in the "I'm backing Britain" campaign. Unfortunately, my employers thought fit to make me redundant last Friday, and I am now unemployed. What should I do? Perhaps clock in at the Employment Exchange a half-hour earlier? — Letter in the *Bournemouth Evening Echo*

☐ "What with holidays in Torquay and Ford cars you are over-reaching yourself," the North London magistrate told a refuse collector on Friday. — *Stoke Newington and Hackney Observer*

☐ "My favourite programme," said the Queen Mother, on a later occasion, when the conversation turned to radio, "is Mrs Dale's Diary. I try never to miss it because it is the only way of knowing what goes on in a middle-class-family." — *Evening News*

☐ Clark, who gave evidence with his left arm in a sling, said: "After I was shot I said to him, "What did you do that for, George? I think you took a liberty."' — *Daily Telegraph*

☐ Other gifts were more utilitarian: the American government sent 25 ambulances, Nigeria £10,000 for national development. We gave a silver and gilt inkstand inscribed: "From Britain to Zambia, 1964" — *Daily Telegraph*

1970s

☐ Lord Trenchard, son of the late Commissioner, has made his first speech in the House of Lords after 21 years' membership. His theme was Industrial Democracy. He didn't much care for the idea. — *Police*

☐ Sir Keith Joseph, a Thatcher backer, last night spelled out the kind of Tory Party he wanted to see: "We need more inequality in order to eliminate poverty." — *Guardian*

☐ During the processional hymn, the heel of a girl chorister caught in a grating. Not wishing to hold up the ceremony, she marched on minus a shoe. Moved by chivalry, a male chorister following tried to pick up the shoe. Unfortunately the heel was stuck firmly in the grating, so again not wanting to hold up the procession, the chorister picked up the whole lot and continued up the nave. The officiating clergyman promptly fell into the hole. — *Ely Diocesan News*

☐ A hunt master said yesterday that horse-whipping a hunt saboteur was rather like beating a wife. He declared: "They are both private matters between individuals with strong views on the same subject." — *Daily Mirror*

☐ Mrs Shirley Williams, the only woman left in Mr Callaghan's Cabinet, said: "I don't think Mr Callaghan is a male chauvinist. In Cabinet I am treated like one of the boys." — *Sun*

☐ Women are to be excluded from the draw for the 64 places in the eleventh annual world conker championships, to be held at Ashton, near Oundle, Northamptonshire, in October. Hitherto only men have taken part. Mr Frank Elsom, chairman of the organisers, said: "The event would be ridiculed if it was open to women." — *The Times*

☐ "It taught me a lot being at Harrow," he said. "You meet such a cross-section of society there." — Anthony Nelson MP, *News of the World*

☐ A council has refused clay pigeon shooting enthusiasts permission to use land at Ribchester, Lancashire, after a nearby nudist club complained that members have been peppered by stray pellets. — *Daily Express*

☐ For a man of God, the Bishop of St Albans, the Rt Rev. Robert Runcie, is remarkably down-to-earth. Especially about his purple robes — he hates them, though his wife thinks they're sexy. He often says he lives in mortal fear of being in a car accident while on the way to an engagement. He said: "If I'm knocked unconscious people will think I'm a transvestite." — *Luton Evening Post*

1980s

☐ There is a roaring trade in the coalfields selling souvenir miner's lamps in brass to visiting policemen, who are not short of a bob or two these days. It is always made clear that on many sales a proportion of the profit goes to the local NUM strike fund. — *Guardian*

☐ The membership of EXIT, the voluntary euthenasia society now stands at nine thousand, against the Socialist Workers Party's four thousand, a truly sad reflection of the state of the world and the effectiveness of socialist propaganda — Letter, *Socialist Worker*

☐ Please advise me how I can best protect my stamp collection, in the event of a nuclear war, from the hazards of intense heat and high radiation levels. Also, would the resulting radiation affect the phosphor reaction of my Chambon "dull orange"? — Letter in *Stamp Collecting*

Our selection from the best of This England since NS's 50th anniversary in 1963 has been compiled by Don Redding and Abby Innes.

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Salome dear, not in the Statesman

AS THE ANNIVERSARY jollifications intensify (this very afternoon the staff are to receive a half glass of sherry, each, in the boardroom) we in the Complex have decided to join in the fun. So here, for your delectation and ours, is a compilation of Classic Competition Winners — plus, the Graham Greene spoof by Graham Greene which the judges failed to notice for a prize, AND, for the first time ever in print, blush-inducing excerpts from THE COMPETITION THAT GOT CENSORED: the infamous No 2590. Take it away, *NS* readers.

The Unhelpful Advice to Tourists in Britain comp has been set more times than E.O. Parrott's name. From half a century of advice we present:

Prostitutes are now seen only occasionally. On certain days, however, they come out in force, easily recognised by the little favours they sell from trays.

P.W.R. Foot

Any passer-by is welcome to intervene in a game of cricket.

I. Bell

Try the famous echo in the British Museum Reading Room.

Gerard Hoffnung

If you take a taxi, the driver will be only too willing to give your shoes a polish while waiting at the traffic-lights.

R.J. Phillips

The Monument commemorates the Great Fire of London: on reaching the top, your party is invited to take part in symbolic firefighting by urinating through the railings onto the heads of the busy fish porters below, who wear bowler hats for protection; they will respond with cheerful waves and merry shouts in their colourful language.

Jim Anthony

Perhaps the single most celebrated winning entry (composed in reaction to the news that cocoa is, in fact, a mild aphrodisiac):

Cupid's Nightcap

Half-past nine — high time for supper;
"Cocoa, love?" "Of course, my dear."
Helen thinks it quite delicious,
John prefers it now to beer.
Knocking back the sepia potion,
Hubby winks, says, "Who's for bed?"
"Shan't be long," says Helen softly,
Cheeks a faintly flushing red.
For they've stumbled on the secret
Of a love that never wanes,
Rapt beneath the tumbled bedclothes,
Cocoa coursing through their veins.

Stanley J. Sharpless

Of all the Disgusting Recipe winners, unarguably the most *disgusting:*

Grilled Gorilla's Foot

One foot will suffice for each person.

First shave the upper part of the foot and wash in warm water. With a gimlet (for preference as the skin is very hard) bore a number of holes through the thick skin of the under part of the foot. Grease liberally with lard. Grill slowly for about twenty minutes with the under surface *downwards*. Then turn the foot over and continue to grill steadily. From time to time place a fork on the foot. When it is quite done it will be found that the toes will curl up firmly over the fork, so that it can be lifted up and put on a hot plate. Leave the fork in the toes and serve immediately.

L.G. Udall

Arthur Marshall (get better soon) has done more compiling of Competition Classics than anyone. His own first paragraph to a novel of which one wouldn't care to read the second:

I wish someone had told me. I wish someone had said, that first Spring morning, that I should last see Vernon Ganderton sprawled on the rocks below Spume Tor with the riddle of Jennings and Miss Oscroft in his eternal keeping. I wish someone had said. Just a hint, a halting sentence, a few mumbled words, and all would have been so different . . . And the sycamores. Why did they not whisper that in their shade I was to crush to me the fragrance that was Blodwen Passmore and hear from her lips, when not stilled with kisses, the truth about Walter, and Mrs Merridew, and their strange madness that magical summer at Hythe? They knew. The sycamores knew. These things were written there, but they held their peace . . . And the flagstones. Why sprang they not up to bar the Higham Ferrars road that February night? Why did they not cry: "No, no; she is not at Higham Ferrars. She is at Birmingham with her aunt, or so she said." Why gave they no warning? Why? Why? But I go too fast. . .

The quintessential Gruesome (one of the USA's best inventions) was "Yes, yes, Mrs Lincoln; but, apart from that, how did you enjoy the play?" *Two NS Gruesomes have been at least as fine:*

Salome dear, *not* in the fridge!

Marion Hill

Bottoms up, Clarence!

Margaret Mylchreest

Among other bijou classickettes, there are the Famous First Words at Birth. . .

Oedipus: I'll be back.

Roger Woddis

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. . . the Wild but Courageous Translations of Foreign Words or Phrases. . .

Coup de théâtre: Arts Council grant.
Amour propre: Missionary position.

WILL BELLENGER

Une sonnette électrique: A stimulating poem.

RUSSELL LUCAS

Et cum spiritu tuo: What would you like with your drink?

NICHOLAS HODGSON

Lapsus linguae: Oral sex.

NEVILLE MELLON

Mal der mer: Morning sickness.

JOHN SWEETMAN

Nom d'un chien: Rover.

GERARD BENSON

And now (soft roll of drums) for something completely different. At the end of 1962 a competition was set in which entrants were asked to provide a "derelict exchange between a drunken doctor and a corrupt police chief" in the manner of Graham Greene. The author himself entered, and failed to win, with this:

At his second attempt the doctor succeeded in closing the man's eyes. Then he stepped from the glare of the vulture-ridden day into a gloom to which only the Commissioner's presence lent the dignity of a police-station. Along the water-front bazooka shells exploded.

Fantong refilled two glasses with double whiskeys the colour of her skin. The doctor remembered that in his house the Commissioner's Marie was waiting — for nothing; after Fantong there was nothing left he could give to any woman.

"This reunion had to come," the Commissioner said. "At school you called me Dago. You see — the Dago wins."

The doctor made a drunken movement which reminded the Commissioner of the motions a priest makes at Mass.

"At school before I taught you better you were the pious one, but you see in time of danger Fantong prefers a man."

"When the danger becomes more extreme," the doctor said, "she won't want either of us, only Father D. And I've just closed his eyes. As *you* would say, Dago, *tant pis*."

Or "auntie's drunk", as Gerard Benson would translate it. But enough of that: let the drums roll louder. In the issue of NS *23 November there occurred perhaps the most extraordinary event in the history of the Competition: Comp 2593 was set precisely as it should have been, but of No 2590 all that could be seen was the following: "Competition No 2590 asked for Acronyms for itinerant randies on the Continent of Europe. After a lively debate, Control intervened: the command 'Kill it!' went out . . . Control promises Comp 2591 next week with a full explanation."*

The explanation duly followed. "The results of No 2590," wrote Control the following week, "added up to a dull but strainingly smutty lavatory wall . . . the entries lacked the nimbleness and wit worthy to command two colums of our space." You'd think someone would have guessed what the word "randies" in the Comp would unleash — Compers have been known to introduce filth when requested for sonnets on the Church of England and the setter, Fatboy (now one of our most eminent novelists), must have been aware of this tendency — but, in any case, censorship prevailed, no doubt encouraged by the typesetters' query, scrawled across the top of the proof: "IS THIS REALLY FOR THE N/S?".

But now, here, today you can finally see what you couldn't in November 1979: not the whole *of No 2590 (for Control, who is also now an eminent novelist, such is the way of the world, was right at least in his judgment that the Comp lacked wit) but selected lowlights from the only* NS *Comp to have ever been banned. Acronyms for itinerent randies:*

NICE: Nine Inches Coiled Expectantly.

CHRISTOPHER HOBSON

BELGRADE: Be Expecting Long Grind — Randy And Damned Eager.

TED THOMPSON

STRASBOURG: Stanley, Tie Roses Around Scrotum, Bent On Utter Ruin, Glenda.

GERRY HAMILL

AMSTERDAM: Arrival Midday Saturday Take Energisers Remember Dildo And Mackintosh.

GORDON CROTON

GENEVA: Get Erect Now, Excited Vulva Approaching.

L.O. QUAINTE

COPENHAGEN: Can Oral Pleasuring Ever Nullify Hand And Genital Excitement? No!

MACK DONALD

ROME: Remain Optimistic — Mildly Erect.

VICKI WOODS

I hope that the authors are pleased to see their names and genius finally in print. And if, after that, you feel the need for a bit of culture and sobriety, turn to this week's superior Competition *on p.54.*

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Brook exuding splendour with *The Mahabharata*

The discovery of fire

Coinciding with the long-awaited British première of his epic "The Mahabharata", **PETER BROOK***'s collected writings and conversations over the past 40 years have just been published.* **BOYD TONKIN** *looks at the work of one of British theatre's most intelligent theorists and most innovative practitioners*

WHEN WANDERING SAGES set out to scour the world for the common factors of their art, they usually have to make do with the lowest. Against the odds, and sometimes despite himself, Peter Brook has hammered out a cosmopolitan language of theatre that comes closer to the cross-cultural solidarity of music than the flavourless soup of Esperanto.

That, at least, is how his trilogy taken from the Sanskrit epic *The Mahabharata* struck this spectator. As it has just opened in Glasgow, the British audiences that Brook chose to forsake in 1970 have a chance at last to judge for themselves.

Made up largely of reprinted articles and interviews from all phases of his career, **The Shifting Point: Forty Years of Theatrical Exploration, 1946-87** (Methuen, £14.95) reveals how the *wunderkind* of British theatre turned first into its court fool and then into a vagabond king-in-exile. Brook dislikes this implicit cult of personality; he worships the anonymity of Shakespeare. But his restless urge to split and start over on his own, hard terms only polishes up this unwanted halo.

Unlike his manifesto *The Empty Space*, published 20 years ago, the new anthology sprawls, rambles and lets an awful lot hang out. It falls into sections that correspond to each of its author's many hats: as theorist, disciple, Shakespearean, traveller, experimentalist and director of movies and opera. To recycle the ephemera as well as the *obiter dicta* of four decades looks like a brave, rather than a lazy, act. So often treated as a law unto himself, Brook shows with his jottings from the '50s and '60s how closely he mirrored the movements of his time.

Rather like old tapes of *TW3*, they have you alternately gasping in admiration and wincing with embarrassment. There's the blithe, greedy eclecticism, for instance, that Brook never quite grew out of: "For Artaud, theatre is fire; for Brecht, theatre is clear vision; for Stanislavsky, theatre is humanity. Why must we choose among them?" At the period of the RSC's *Marat/Sade* and *US* adventures, he shakes his fist at the sclerotic West End and the forces of imperialism as if the two weighed the same in the scales of injustice.

That said, even the most transient of these pieces strike notes that reverberate down the passage that leads to *The Mahabharata*. In an early tribute to Grotowski, he glimpses the outline of a "new Elizabethan relationship" between stage and audience: "linking the private and the public, the intimate and the crowded, the secret and the open, the vulgar and the magical". Here, as elsewhere, you sense the presence of a matrix for his later work.

When he sketches out systems, Brook emerges from *The Shifting Point* not quite as the prismatic thinker that the title suggests. He seems to be a hedgehog, not a fox: someone who knows one great truth about the nature of performance and patiently scurries about the world in quest of the right site, time and partners to enact it.

That pivotal insight involves the need to go further by carrying less. Brook has traced out what the mystics would have called a *via negativa*: a discipline of subtraction. His actors unlearn as much as they acquire. Their mentor seeks to challenge "all the elements that in all countries put the theatre form into a very closed bracket" of language, style, class and place. Though never a minimalist (*Mahabharata* exudes splendour) he make every skill that survives earn its keep.

In the essays and conversations collected here, he plans out his ideal refinery and annotates its products. The new-born dialect devised by Ted Hughes for *Orghast*; the quixotic trek through rural Africa with *Conference of the Birds*; the "rough theatre" of the Bouffes du Nord with its

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Cherry Orchard on a carpet and pared-down *Carmen*: all marked stations on this voyage beyond style and stereotype.

"We set out to explore what the conditions were through which theatre could speak directly," Brook writes of the globe-spanning project he launched at his International Centre for Theatre Research (now "Creation") in Paris. Simplicity, of course, doesn't come cheap. With his Lear-like retinue and sleek sponsors who buy huge parcels of space and time, Brook in search of the incorrupt word and gesture must look from many a threadbare green room like Marie Antoinette dressed as a shepherdess.

Anyone alert to these ironies should try to catch *The Mahabharata* (due to be televised next year) and ask whether it was all worth while. Forget the hype and the mystique that Brook half-willingly attracts, and there can only be one answer.

The test of performance underwrites his speculations. At their vaguest, his general notions sound both foggy and windy: the Christian Science of modern dramaturgy. On their own, the more abstract stretches of *The Shifting Point* would hardly convince a visiting Venusian that the author had mounted event after event that burnt as brightly as any theatrical happening this century.

What rings truest are his snatches of narrative, from the Caribbean location of *Lord of the Flies* to the outback where he offered *The Ik* to bemused but intrigued Aboriginals. Brook on the set wins more converts than Brook on the podium. Gurus, even those who reject the role, rightly cop their fair share of raspberries. As *The Shifting Point* hankers after a theatre that drags all settled wisdom through the purging fires of practice, he ought not to mind too much. In the face of his bold, broad claims, the sceptics should heed the words of a very different kind of prophet. Don't trust the teller; trust the tale. □

Boyd Tonkin will be interviewing Peter Brook in next week's NS.

City of dreams and nightmares

Oliver Harris

Call at Corazón
PAUL BOWLES *Peter Owen* £11.95
Without Stopping
PAUL BOWLES *Peter Owen* £18.50
M'Hashish
MOHAMMED MRABET trans. PAUL BOWLES *Peter Owen* £4.50

CALL AT CORAZÓN gives unity to half a century of Paul Bowles' stories. The preface identifies most of its pieces as the "result of nostalgia for places left behind" — and indeed, unlike in the novels, for which Bowles is most celebrated, in the stories it is locales, not characters, that come and stay alive. Like mirrors that concentrate light into heat, Bowles' environments transmute the Westerners who cross them.

In the title story, written over 40 years ago, a nameless honeymoon couple take the familiar Bowles journey towards existential estrangement, as they inch their way by paddle-boat along the boiling, mosquito-infested waters of Latin America. Occasionally the husband thinks about his wife, "but only as an unclear figure whose character lent flavour to a succession of backdrops". Unknown to him, she stands for the general Unknown. Making an unexpected detour to Corazón, in the unbearable heat and claustrophobia of the night, the bride runs off with a native Indian steward.

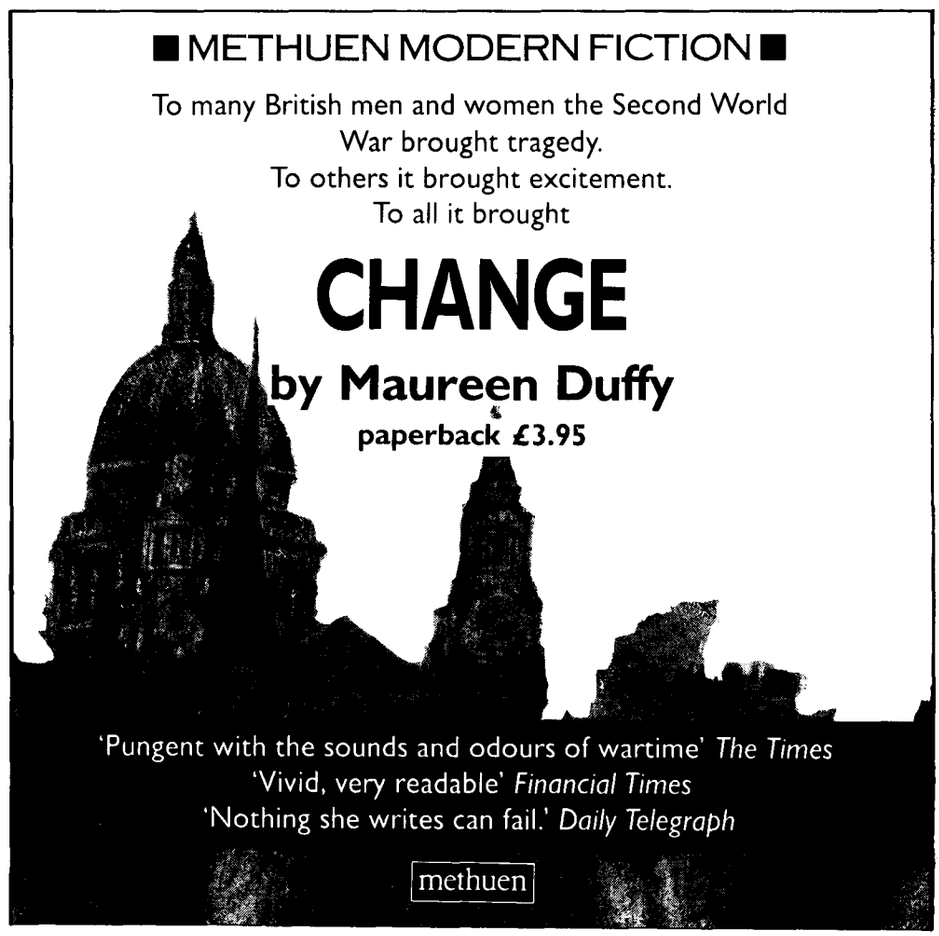
In the brutal economy of a dozen pages "Call at Corazón" summarises a pattern that dominates Bowles' writing, charting the otherness within and between people and the inner collapse precipitated by exposure to extreme and unfamiliar elements. Like the characters whose hearts of darkness he lays bare, their author has chosen to travel landscapes that are themselves protagonists: the jungles of Central America, the sun-baked Saharan desert, the chaotic mediaeval medina of Fez. Tangier, which has now been his home for four decades, is the hybrid capital of Bowles' world.

Fusing alien Africa with "civilised" Europe, this city on the edge of the Dark Continent has, like Bowles' fiction, the magnetic pull of a recurrent dream. In the mid-19th century Alexandre Dumas found Tangier "a town of fantasy"; to Mark Twain it was "uncompromisingly foreign", the spot he had "been longing for all the time". And so it proved for Bowles. Fifty years after taking his first trip there as "a rest, a lark, a one-summer stand", he remains there, still writing, the one Tangerene literary expat who stayed on when the others left.

Throughout the post-war years Tangier served as a rendezvous for criminal adventurers and outcasts, and a cultural salon for artistic exiles. Then a shady International Zone, it attracted William Burroughs and Allen Ginsberg, Tennessee Williams and Truman Capote and even nowadays, though its literary landmarks have faded along with its earlier colonial splendour, the city retains glimpses of the mixture of magic and menace that first lured Bowles to it. One balmy New York night in May 1947, he had a dream: "In the late afternoon sunlight I walked slowly through complex and tunnelled streets. As I reviewed it, lying there sorry to have left the place behind, I realised with a jolt that the magic city really existed. It was Tangier." A knife edge away, the other, darker side was nightmare.

Bowles first came to Tangier from New York via Paris. When he arrived in the French capital in 1931, the 20-year-old made straight for Gertrude Stein's salon on the Rue de Fleurus. In *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, Stein cryptically dubbed Bowles "delightful and sensible in summer but neither delightful nor sensible in winter" and no doubt she had the Moroccan climate in mind when recommending him to seek out Tangier.

At that time, Bowles was a student of musical composition under Aaron Copland and it was, as he recalls in his autobiography **Without Stopping**, partly to impress Copland that he garnered the acquaintance of the likes of Stein, Pound and Cocteau. André Gide accordingly became just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"An authentic expression of Western man in our time," writes Michel Leiris in his rococo encomium of Francis Bacon's work, introducing 258 coloured illustrations in a paperback: FRANCIS BACON (Thames & Hudson, £9.95). "It cannot but reflect," he continues, "the painful yet lyrical disturbance felt by all those who, living in these times of horror spangled with excitement, can contemplate them with lucidity." Or is it, on the contrary, mainly bogus — reflecting the desire of that particular generation of post-Victorian Western intellectuals to be seen as authentic casualties of the 20th century? Bacon's early work, up to about 1957, suggests a genuine struggle for expression; then he finds a formula and his figures become kitsch cuts of meat in designer windows with interior-decorators' colours. (John Spurling)

"one more name to add when I came to give Aaron the list". Giving little of the inner man away, Bowles' life story reads more like an autograph book than anything else, a travelogue of scalp-hunting the famous artistic figures of his day, until he himself became one. And then, having returned to America to begin serious composition, he had that compelling dream. Ever since, isolated from literary or socialite circles other than his own, he has "hung on and waited" — the rest is in his writing. Or, rather, since his output of fiction has slowly slackened, in transcribing and translating the tales of his Moroccan protégés: Ahmed Yacoubi, Larbi Layachi, Mohammed Choukri and Mohammed Mrabet.

Bowles, now in his middle seventies, has the reserved, patrician air of Burroughs, but the courtesy is softer, the manner serene and laconic, carrying no trace of the inscrutable coldness and cruelty for which his novels are celebrated. A sparkle animates his eye, a mischievous look that accounts for his attraction to what he once called the "toy cosmos" of Tangier: "I think the place appeals particularly to those with a strong residue of infantilism in their character. There is an element of make-believe in the native life as seen from without."

In *The Naked Lunch* Burroughs caricatured Bowles as "Andrew Keif, the brilliant, decadent young novelist who lives in a remodelled pissoir in the red light district of the Native Quarter". When, during the politically turbulent early 1960s, things got too hot there, Bowles moved into his present cramped flat near the new American Consulate. Fifteen years after his wife Jane — herself a very fine writer — died from years of nervous illness, his daily companion is Mohammed Mrabet, whom Bowles first met over 20 years ago. A lithe and youthful 51, Mrabet is a Jilali, a member of Morocco's ecstatic religious brotherhood, and one of his country's foremost story-tellers, the two callings joined by a common sacrament of other-worldy intoxication: kif.

Kif, which also represents for Bowles a cultural bulwark against what he once called "the great alcoholic future" promised by Westernisation, is used by himself and Mrabet as an imaginative, artistic key. Moroccan story-tellers, Mrabet included, are necessarily stoned — or, as in the title of a delightful volume of his wry tales, translated by Bowles, **M'Hashish**.

Twenty years ago Bowles prefaced his own superb collection of kif-stories, *A Hundred Camels in the Courtyard*, with the claim that a "dedicated" smoker undertakes an oracular passage to the "other world". Anyone who has read — or, even better, heard Bowles reading in his gentle but langourous voice — such tales as "He Of The Assembly" knows the hypnotic mystery and devastating power of the results. Indeed, Bowles has come to realise the force of the oral tradition, believing that "illiteracy is a prerequisite" for success, a guarantor of immediacy. Preserving the old Arabic ways and promoting the new, Bowles has reinvested in the narrative art of Morocco the energy that formerly made his name as a major American author.

It is fitting that Bowles, whose vision of Morocco has become as definitive as Maugham's Malaya, should have made the transition from novels to short stories — and from writing his own to transcribing the tales of native Moroccans. Novels did bring him one truly outstanding success — his first book, *The Sheltering Sky* — and several other captivating works: *The Spider's House, Let It Come Down, Up Above the World*. Using their scope to situate the complex but confused psychology of the Westerner in an alien and alienating culture, he managed to combine descriptive brilliance with the screw-turning nightmares of narrative intrigue. But it is in the short form, uninterested in character development or motive, that Bowles traced the unexpected and inexplicable turns of fantasy and fear that approximate in their economy the typical Moroccan kif story. Behind the sheltering sky, a brief call away from civilisation, lies the existentialist's *grand néant*, beckoning. The Bowlsean climate calls for storm clouds: let it come down.

Strong will and testament

Jolyon Jenkins

The Drowned and the Saved
PRIMO LEVI *Michael Joseph* £10.95

PRIMO LEVI KILLED HIMSELF a year ago, a few months after finishing this book. That fact alone gives it the quality of a final testament. Yet even were Levi still alive it is hard to see how he could have written anything further: he had, in a chillingly literal way, played himself out.

Since the publication of *The Periodic Table* — his haunting collection of memories and stories organised around the theme of the chemical elements — Levi has been rediscovered, republished and, arguably, canonised. His first two books, *If This Is a Man* and *The Truce*, tell of his year in Auschwitz and the long journey back to his native Italy after the camp was liberated by the Russians. Essential documents of the 20th century, they are remarkable not just for the events they record but for the unblinking, almost artless way in which Levi chronicles the horrors.

But, while Levi presented himself as a witness who had to be heard (though not a true witness — they all perished), what he disconcertingly became was a saint. Almost literally so: Chaim Bermant, reviewing Levi's novel *If Not Now, When?*, wrote: "It is not often that one feels a better person through reading a book, but this novel somehow has that effect." Few people are prepared to point out that, as a writer, Levi has his limitations. *If Not Now, When?* is only partially successful, while his

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recollections of Auschwitz fragments, *Moments of Reprieve*, would, in any other field, be called a potboiler.

The Drowned and the Saved is by far his most ambitious work: an attempt to understand and explain the phenomenom of Auschwitz, to answer unanswerable questions about power, shame and collusion. But the project is doomed, both by definition and because Levi's style is antithetic to the conceptualisations it demands. Levi's training in chemistry, the most empirical and least speculative of the sciences (and the most prone to being reduced away altogether) makes his analysis of Auschwitz supremely cautious.

He refuses to make imaginative leaps and is at his best in debunking those who do: when, for example, he attacks the notion advanced by film director Liliana Cavani (which, in turn, owes something to Foucault) that "in every environment, in every relationship, there is a victim-executioner dynamism more or less clearly expressed and generally lived on an unconscious level". Levi puts this down bluntly: "I do not know, and it does not much interest me to know, whether in my depths there lurks a murderer . . . I know that murderers existed . . . and that to confuse them with their victims is a moral disease or an aesthetic affection or a sinister sign of complicity." Similarly, he takes on the argument of another Auschwitz survivor, Jean Amery, that intellectuals suffered more than ordinary folk in concentration camps — refuting it with a sturdy literal-mindedness.

Levi continues to be preoccupied over whether there was something qualitatively and uniquely evil about the Nazi Lagers compared with, say, the Soviet Gulags.

Both in this book and in his others, what comes over strongly is that the evil of the Lagers was not banal, as evil often is, but highly theatrical. The prisoners were marched to work to the sounds of brass bands playing selections from operettas. The Nazis were murderously obsessed with the tidiness of the prisoners' beds.

Levi does not pursue this very far. In notes to *If This Is a Man* he argued that the defining differences between Soviet labour camps and the Lagers is that, in the former, "Human personality, in short, is not denied and is not totally lost". But for Solzhenitsyn the denial of human personality is one of the essential features of the Gulag, and even Jimmy Boyle makes similar comments about Scottish prisons. In *The Drowned and the Saved* Levi shifts slightly, introducing the concept of "useless violence", arguing that it was the pre-eminent, though not unique, feature of the Lagers. Infuriatingly, he will not or cannot take this further. He refuses, point blank, to make comparisons with Cambodia. "Cambodia is far away from Europe and we know little about it, so how could we discuss it?" (Can he have been unaware of the historical resonances, to British ears, of that phrase?)

Levi's apparent sanctity (which he would be the first to deny) is in part a product of this straightforwardness. His moral outlook is commonsensical: he will not forgive his tormentors, but he will not condemn those who were not responsible. He will not, in particular, damn the German people *en masse*. In the face of a lesser evil, such rectitude would be unexceptional. Here it is both disturbing and humbling. □

Raised voices in the temples of culture

Anne Karpf

The Museum Time-Machine
ed. ROBERT LUMLEY *Comedia/Routledge* £25 & £9.95

MUSEUMS ARE NO LONGER necessarily dusty places to which reluctant children are dutifully dragged on Sunday afternoons to be force-fed culture.

Now, museum visiting is more like doing shopping: not just because the marketing men have taken over, seizing on the ye olde souvenir potential of almost every exhibit, but because museums have become part of a cultural continuum, which extends from shopping malls to theme parks, and their tasteful artefacts look as comfortable in the window displays of Liberty's or Bloomingdale's.

Some talk of the museum's renaissance; others of its demise as television usurps its role. Certainly the growth and change in museums has been accompanied by a burgeoning in the field of museum studies.

And, just as media researchers have challenged the notion of objectivity in the media, so museum researchers (some progressive curators among them) have begun to contest the idea of the museum as neutral custodian of our collective past. This splendid new book is part of that debate.

Museums play a key role in constructing a past and mediating it to the present. A recent book by Robert Hewison analysed the sentimentalising role of heritage museums; this one contains Philippe Hoyau's influential text on heritage society, in which "dead labour is restaged" and "an imaginary object, the Past, seems to take shape" around the family and the idea of community life. (Hoyau's essay, like the other contributions to the book translated from French, doesn't read fluently; though perhaps its style, Foucault-speak, resists Anglicisation.)

Most of the contributors argue that museums, in gathering together artefacts and recreating the lifestyles of the past, obscure or conceal the social relations which produced them. Most museums substitute for social conflicts, interests, ruptures and resistence a rather more benign, organic and harmonious account of history and social organisation.

Bob West observes how once-industrial sites have — either by design or neglect — been ruralised, as if to naturalise the process of industrialisation. West writes interestingly about the political economy of the Ironbridge Gorge Museum, but his approach is ultimately irritating: though he's clearly familiar with the museum, his arguments can read like predigested case-histories in the evils of capitalism and patriarchy. Curators face very real problems in trying to make manifest the social relations embodied in artefacts and processes without adding acres of text to exhibits. While West asks how you make a museum of lived experience, it's only a rhetorical question; Tony Bennett, on the other hand, gives two fascinating examples of alternative ways of designing museums: one from Sydney, the other from Glasgow.

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Gaby Porter's excellent paper on women and museums makes the point that a poor working-class woman would have left very few exhibitable material objects behind. She also shows how curators assemble displays on household technology almost entirely from advertisements, promotional leaflets and magazine articles, so that the manufacturers' images of how such technology is used prevails over any account by the real users themselves.

Alan Morton's paper on science museums is the weakest in the book. He wholly fails to address the major issues in the representation of science and technology. Why, for instance, do museums almost invariably offer images of science as a soaring graph of progress? How do they depict the scientific community and industry, science's disasters as well as achievements, science's social effects?

The biographical information mentions Morton's involvement in the Science Museum's controversial nuclear power exhibition (which could have thrown up all these issues) but it's only discussed in another contributor's chapter.

Brian Durrans writes thoughtfully about ethnographic museums, while Jeremy Silver forgivably ranges too wide in his innovative account of the use of sound in museums, passionately urging curators to open their ears. But perhaps the most valuable aspect of the book, and of Robert Lumley's good, clear introduction, is to reinstate the museum visitor. Eilean Hooper-Greenhill wisely wants curators to listen to those who never visit.

She shows how intimidating most museums are, their buildings alone conveying a message about official culture, their interiors alarmed, surveyed and patrolled ("the museum is . . . a prison for objects"), their labels often incomprehensible to visitors.

Natalie Heinich's study of Paris' Pompidou Centre discusses the cultural barriers to democratising culture and examines how the museum is actually used: it's all very well having fancy ideas about not imposing a dominant framework, but many visitors get highly anxious at the thought of "drifting".

Almost all the contributors salute those museums which are turning reflexive, are encouraging visitors not just to absorb information but to ask questions about how and why the information was collected. The successful museum of the 1990s will be the one where the visitors are invited to argue back. □

If you go down to the woods today

Andrew Lumsden

Significant Others
ARMISTEAD MAUPIN *Chatto* £10.95

AS I WRITE this review I am babysitting — actually, he's nine — while Zak's straight parents go off to court.

And that means that I'm inside the world that Maupin has made peculiarly his own. Listen: at breakfast, just half an hour ago, young Zak gazed at me earnestly — for we haven't met in a couple of years — and said without the least animosity, "God had to make it a man and a woman in the Garden of Eden, didn't he? If he'd made two men, we'd all be dead, wouldn't we?"

Great Heaven, I thought to myself, as every other adult around the table looked at the ceiling, the child's acknowledging a memory of having very properly been told that I am gay. Or is the kid giving me gay paranoia at 8.30 a.m.? "Very true," I said gravely back to him. And wondered whether it was through school or home or TV that his echo of the old moral majority "joke" about "Adam and Steve" had drifted into his upbringing by sensible English straight parents. How do sensible straight parents explain the existence of lesbians or gays to children who now see or hear the words,sprawled across the headlines of papers or on government publicity, from their first dawning of consciousness? How do gays and straights muddle along together?

"Significant others" are the emotional partners for life, or for the time being, whom we choose to nominate when words like husband or wife won't do, as in the real world they so very often won't. The book of the title is the fifth adaptation (the first of them was *Tales of the City*) of a column Maupin wrote for the San Francisco *Chronicle* from the 1970s and now writes for the same city's Hearst owned *Examiner*.

Like a Peter Simple who is grown up, an enthusiast for human beings' strivings rather than an opponent of them, he has an imaginary cast of characters, inhabitants of the imaginary 28 Barbary Lane, San Francisco, who reflect the fads and the fun and the pains of pursuing that un-English obligation of America's Bill of Rights, the pursuit of happiness.

On this occasion, Maupin's cast of straight and lesbian and gay Americans are all off, for wildly different reasons and with ludicrous resulting contretemps, to the redwood forests, as if Londoners should depart for Epping Forest. There are male separatists in one redneck of the woods (right wing straight Republicans in luxurious summer camp) and there are lesbians at quite another encampment, Wimminwood; and others who float unattached, getting involved with both camps, all at last fleeing back to the city. Nobody escapes Maupin's affection, even the absurd and of course dangerously powerful Republicans. Or his dry sendups of all humanity's propensity to try to be more than human: "Edgar" (a little boy brought by his lesbian parents to Wimminwood) "had acclimated instantly . . . when his NCQ (Non-Competitive Quotient) was measured he had beaten the socks off all the other kids in the compound."

Maupin, our gay columnist, loves gays — whom he symbolises in the "mischief and sweetness of expression" of his perennial hero, Michael Tolliver — without disliking or failing to include in his, their, our world the sexualities and ups-and-downs of straights. This is *urbane* writing, to a degree quite unknown or acceptable to the English prints that might be thought equivalent to the *Examiner*. Go for it. □

Out of Africa

Ann Scott

Olive Schreiner: Letters Volume 1, 1871-1899
ed. RICHARD RIVE *Clarendon Press* £30
An Olive Schreiner Reader: Writings on Women and South Africa
ed. CAROL BARASH *Pandora* £5.95

IN 1887 the novelist and freethinker Olive Schreiner wrote one in a series of long letters — also one of the most dignified letters of her life — to Karl Pearson. Then a mathematician at University College London, Pearson had founded the Men and Women's Club, a radical discussion group which Schreiner had joined, on its inception, a few years after her arrival in England from South Africa.

"The life of a woman like myself is a very solitary one," she says. "You have had a succession of friendships that have answered to the successive stages of your mental [growth]. When I came to England a few years ago, I had once only spoken to a person who knew the names of such books as I loved. Intellectual friendship was a thing I had only dreamed of. Our brief intellectual relations and our few conversations have been common-place enough to you, to me they have been absolutely unique." It is simply written and an example of Schreiner at her most direct and resonant.

Readers of Olive Schreiner will already have encountered some of the letters in Richard Rive's collection, but the cumulative impact, unmediated by a biographer's or a critic's purpose, is extraordinarily strong. Here Olive Schreiner speaks in her own voice: first in a group of early, formal letters to her family, scattered within South Africa; then in the letters of the 1880s, England-based, in which she buzzes with life — the short, intimate notes to Havelock Ellis, the more discursive letters to Karl Pearson, the glimpses of solidarity with Edward Carpenter — then, back in South Africa, in a series of letters chronicling her initial enthusiasm for and later disillusionment with Cecil Rhodes, her marriage, her commentary on the darkening political situation in the country. Volume 1 of **Olive Schreiner: Letters** ends with the outbreak of the Anglo-Boer War; volume 2 will span the last 20 years of her life.

Richard Rive's annotations are helpful and unobtrusive, and there is an excellent index. My criticisms of the editorial side of the collection are minor. Each of the three sections is prefaced by a short narrative of the events and personalities involved and the introduction to the letters of the 1890s is the longest and most informative; the first two mighty easily have been fuller, especially on Schreiner's intellectual formation. Quotations with annotations are not normally attributed, although the source can usually be worked out from a list of other biographies and historical narratives used in the preparation of the annotations; I found this a touch vague in a scholarly edition. And, with some of the most significant letters, those revealing Schreiner's crisis in her relationship with Pearson in 1886, fuller annota-

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tion of the sequence of events would have helped: it was a confusing, chaotic period and Schreiner's letters tell only part of the story.

These *Letters* are well complemented by Carol Barash's collection of Schreiner's shorter and allegorical writings, **An Olive Schreiner Reader**, issued last year. Writing from a politically committed perspective, Barash has dedicated the book to Winnie Mandela and grouped the pieces under headings steeped in the feminism of our own time: "Gender, class and science", "Fantasy and the female body", "Gender, race and politics". She has also contributed a taut introductory essay which, rightly, sees Schreiner's texts enacting struggles between different discourses of power, in which it is the tension within the writings that is significant: "ideals about women's maternal experience can lead to potentially racist generalizations".

The contradictions that Barash locates are illustrated as much in Schreiner's correspondence as in the writings in the *Reader*. One absorbs them from the texture of the letters in Rive's edition, as an interweaving of teleological, sexually radical and materially progressive views:

> The old lover's question — Will you love me for ever? — has to be changed to — If you feel I am pressing on your individuality will you let me go? [she writes in 1886]. It may be thousands of years before the mass have attained to this ideal, but it is that towards which the race is slowly but surely moving . . . I think that for a successful sexual union it is absolutely necessary the woman should be materially independent of the man and have her own work life, otherwise *he* is not free.

The tensions are evident, but so is the commitment to personal freedom, the most delicate and perhaps enduring part of Schreiner's appeal. □

Ann Scott was co-author with Ruth First of Olive Schreiner *(Deutsch, 1980).*

In Bertie's footsteps to Russia

Cathy Porter

Soviet Freedom
ANTHONY BARNETT *Picador* £3.95

ANTHONY BARNETT QUOTES from a die-hard anti-Soviet *Times* correspondent, who compares the recent sacking of Boris Yeltsin, the Moscow Party Chief, with the Moscow show trials. That just shows how "blindly dishonest" the Western press can be about the Soviet Union, says Barnett.

He isn't like that, of course. "I loathe priggy westerners who patronise life in the USSR, and I was determined to have none of these attitudes myself," he wrote last summer, as he set off on his first visit there with Nella Bielski, the Soviet-born writer now living in Paris. "It's difficult to generalise about an entire people," he says — especially so if you don't speak one of the Soviet Union's 120 languages. Undeterred by this he has a go and, armed with introductions to Nella's friends and the English-language editions of *Moscow News* and *Soviet Weekly*, has turned his three-week trip to Moscow into a 300-page "travel book of ideas".

There are the usual tourist complaints about the inefficiency of Intourist, the lack of public lavatories and the fact that Soviet people don't always "trust" him.

But Barnett is no ordinary tourist; he is setting off into the unknown as a missionary for Western socialism, and he invites us to compare him with those who visited Bolshevik Russia immediately after the Revolution. No mention here of early socialists like John Reed, Dora Russell, Morgan Philips Price or Arthur Ransome, with their generous (but never uncritical) vision of the Soviet experiment. No mention of the feverish anti-Soviet propaganda with which most Western journalists in Russia at that time fed their audiences at home. No mention either of the Western intervention against the Revolution, or the ideological apparatus of anti-Sovietism, which fuelled Hitlerite fascism, nuclear blackmail and cold war. Instead we have Bertrand Russell, who visited Russia in 1920, was shocked to his aristocratic core by Bolshevik savagery and returned to tell the world all about it. This must be what Barnett means by an "equilibrium of judgment".

He writes wittily about the legacies of Stalin and the war, the shared suffering and citizenship and the total centralisation of power. He is funny on military-style solutions to economic problems. He has harsh things to say about the choking dissatisfaction of the Brezhnev era, with its cult of mediocrity, its benevolent repression and its organisational ruthlessness, and he argues that detente disguised the extent of a nationwide "'go slow', which extended to celebrated vanguard installations such as nuclear power plants" and found its biological expression in the low birth rate. He has a sharp eye for the paradoxes of Soviet consumerism and describes buying Lenin's *On Competition* in a palatial hard-currency shopping centre with his American Express card. He has some nice observations on the popular iconography of Lenin, whose frown "pushes the intelligence towards a goal still just out of reach", and reminds people why they still can't get what they need in the shops. And he suggests a witty solution to the problem of state power, which involves grafting the British parliamentary model onto the Soviet system, complete with a Gromyko "monarchy", an unelected second chamber and "no written constitution at all, since the Party 'knows best' and will therefore be able to 'adapt'". As he rightly says, this would produce hoots of derision from the West. "We may be captivated by the image of the imprisoned other, more particularly the image of the jailer ideology that would deprive us of our freedom."

And, yes, this is all very true — and has been said at CND meetings by people as earnestly determined as Barnett to "purge themselves of prejudice". But further than routine "hands across the curtain" sentimentality he does not go, while, elsewhere, Western notions of "freedom" go unquestioned. Barnett considers himself a lucky man to be living in the "Free World". This is brought home to him when a passing Soviet acquaintance tells him: "You cannot understand, because you are a free man". And he describes with bated breath his distant glimpse of Sakharov, to whom he calls out: "Keep it up!" (Keep what up?)

With Nella interpreting, Barnett speaks to a number of her friends (intellectuals, most of them: he meets no workers) and scribbles down their jokes and anecdotes about Afghanistan, Chernobyl and the camps, about bureaucrats who get rich, managers who don't consult and Party-leaders who don't debate. Yet he somehow doesn't manage to get them to discuss with him the things about which one would have expected them to be most passionate. Women's place in the *perestroika* of power, for instance, is dealt with almost as an afterthought. It is of course true that women's liberation since 1917 has been a slow and uneven process and, as Barnett says, Soviet men tend to watch telly rather than wash up. Nonetheless far more Soviet women than men have higher education qualifications, and the proportion of women managers and trade-union leaders far outnumbers that in most Western countries. So why couldn't women themselves have told us of their conflicts as workers and mothers, or of the grass-roots political organisations, such as women's soviets, through which grievances are discussed and publicised?

Nor is there anything about the breathtaking cultural developments of the past two years — in literature, film, journalism and the theatre. *Moscow News* is quoted frequently, yet there is nothing about the way this paper and others have transformed themselves from tedious propaganda rags into lively information sheets. In a whole range of other publications, too, taboos are being lifted to allow the coverage of such issues as emigration, economic statistics and nuclear missiles in Asia, the war in Afghanistan and returning Soviet veterans. With the abolition of censorship and the innovative *khozraschet* (self-financing) system in the theatre, new playwrights such as Mikhail Shatrov are bringing *glasnost* to the stage in productions of historic importance, while a bold new fringe theatre is beginning to emerge. Literary journals and publishing houses have also been completely turned around, scores of new authors and previously banned ones are jostling to be published, and the publication process itself has been speeded up.

Soviet Freedom has little time for any of this and, for want of any more recent literature, there's a long quote from Solzhenitsyn's *August 1914*. There is, however, a special summarising chapter on Soviet pop music, with special reference to David Widgery and *Rock Against Racism*. According to Barnett this new Soviet "youth culture" is "encouraging reform" and is part of the "welcome influence of America's democratic spirit — rock, free speech and due process".

So now at last we have it. I suspect this book is meant to be read by those who haven't been to the Soviet Union, have no wish to go and would much rather read about it instead. Anyone who knows the place will find it intensely irritating. Nella Bielski is given two chapters of her own, in which there is poetry, passion and personal experience — so that I couldn't help wishing that the whole book had been by her. Martin Walker of the *Guardian* is already doing Barnett's job with more knowledge, modesty and style. But then, he's been there longer. □

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Diane Keaton and acquisition in *Baby Boom*

Having your baby and eating it

Forget the "me" generation — as projected in the cinema, this, says* JUDITH WILLIAMSON, *is the "mine, all mine" generation

THE SWW IS BACK — or rather, unlike her chronicler, she never went away. Her latest incarnation seems to be Holly Hunter, as dynamic producer Jane Craig in **Broadcast News**, James L. Brooks' first feature since *Terms of Endearment*.

Broadcast News centres on three characters: Jane and her workmates Aaron (Albert Brooks) — a tough, "old-school" reporter who lacks on-screen charisma — and Tom (William Hurt) — the dishy but supposedly dumb blond anchor-man who provides the acceptable face of the news for viewers. Besides the emotional ins and outs of this trio, the film is "about" the changes taking place in TV news and the shift of values from content to presentation.

Yet despite the film's preoccupation with TV's fine moral points, overall its newsroom setting offers something else which is very much a part of '80s movies: the *drama* of work — suggested through all the paraphernalia of phones, charts, people running through offices, yelling orders, talking on two phones at once. All this is, of course, the essential backdrop for the SWW (excuse me please while I answer two phones, meet my deadline, have an emotional trauma — and meanwhile, hold the cover!) and one of the truly enjoyable features of *Broadcast News* is seeing Holly Hunter do all these dashing things so well.

But she pays for it. The film constantly shows her weeping into her word-processor and ends years later with both men happily married, Aaron's cute child playing with *still*-SWW "Aunty Jane"; *she* is allowed a token ski-instructor — mentioned verbally as someone she's sort of interested in — but clearly her dynamism and high standards have taken their toll. What's clever about the film is that, like *Terms of Endearment*, its lack of narrative resolution (the emotional triangle is never really played out) masquerades as authenticity. On one level this is what reviewers are calling "adult" drama precisely because it doesn't

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end neatly. But on another it is just more classic SWW stuff: typically, we must be shown both the glamour of her working life, and the failure of her emotional life. Now *Broadcast News* is apparently highly sensitive in showing the SWW's loneliness and tears and difficulty with men. But while the film purports to sympathise with her predicament, who is it that has put her in it in the first place? The film! The brilliant producer doesn't become Aunty Jane by an act of fate, but an act of script. And it is because such scripting *is* near the bone in terms of Real Life that it is hard to see *as* script.

If the construction of *Broadcast News* suggests that the SWW certainly can't have it all, **Baby Boom**, dealing with the same problems, provides a fantasy resolution in which she can. Here again we have all the drama of '80s "working life" as J.C. Wiatt (Diane Keaton) — management consultant at a big New York Corporation — strides through offices, dishes out orders and answers multiple phones in a maze of wall-charts, maps, sales figures etc. When she becomes the guardian of a distant relative's orphaned baby, she at first resists parenting, then tries unsuccessfully to combine it with her Top Executive role, then moves upstate (as in *Fatal Attraction*, the country is a key signifier of home and wholesomeness) where, ultimately, she finds love with a vet and business success with her home-made apple-sauce baby food.

Baby Boom is very clear about the issues it's addressing: in the key scene where J.C. is invited onto the board, her boss says, "A man can be a success and still have a personal life. I'm lucky — I can have it all." J.C. quickly replies, "I don't want it all." But of course she does, and what the film does is to gratify this wish (particularly satisfying to woman viewers) by giving her, in the end, a beautiful house, a darling baby, acres of apple orchards, a dishy lover, a multi-million dollar business and the chance to get back at the creeps who fired her.

Yet whether or not the film lets (as in *BB*) or doesn't let (as in *BN*) the SWW "have it all", this question — of what, precisely, the SWW *can* have apart from a job — is the theme on which a whole new wave of sex comedies is riding. Generically, there are strong links with the Hollywood sex comedies of the '30s and '40s, which also dealt with spirited women (Katharine Hepburn, Claudette Colbert) and with role reversals. The particularly new ingredients in this '80s version of the genre are (1) the *psychologising* of the SWW (what I call her neuroticisation) and (2) babies.

The power of this theme is becoming evident as **Three Men and a Baby** has already outgrossed *Fatal Attraction* in the US box office (outgrossed being the *mot juste* where these films are concerned). In this movie three SWM have a baby dumped on them by the girlfriend of one while he is away (here, it seems, it is okay to have men and a baby in a "pretended family relation" — Mary lives with Peter and Michael). Into their yupped-out-to-the-max apartment tumbles all the novelty cuteness of nappies, gurgling smiles, shit, toy giraffes, sterilised nipples etc. But, *vice versa*, doesn't the *baby* look newly cute in its little up-market life-style — the perfect consumer object?

Both baby films have the obligatory supermarket scenes — the dilemmas of caring for a child become the dilemmas of what to buy for it (indeed baby and product become merged in the memorable image of J.C. weighing her infant in the supermarket scales. *Baby Boom*, by far the more complex film, richly exploits this theme by making the Secret of J.C.'s Success her tapping of the market for "gourmet baby food" (early on she and her boyfriend try to feed the baby yup foods like fresh pasta and Perrier, just as in *Three Men* the actor father plays waiter for his baby's dinner: "for your delectation tonight the chef has squeezed the juice of one cow. . .").

Also important in both films is the cuteness produced by juxtaposition of baby and job. In *Three Men* the baby goes to work with architect Tom Selleck in a tiny hard hat — adorable! *Baby Boom* creates comedy with cuddly toys in the executive suite and milk from the baby's bottle spilling all over a client. The mode of both films' dealing with baby/work, baby/consumerism is slapstick. But the content of the comedy — baby throwing food over Corb chairs, shit on designer jackets — what is all this about?

> *Bourgeois ideology feeds off precisely what it can't colonise, and the heart of the humour in these films is the play between babies as natural and cultural objects*

There is a yuppy fascination with the limits of yuppiedom; and babies, while on the one hand providing endless opportunities for consumer cuteness, also represent these uncolonised areas (whether sublime or abject is a case in point) where the meaning of money stops. (Keaton, to hat-check attendant in restaurant: "I'll give you my Visa card if you'll take her [the baby]"; Man, to baby, in *Three Men*: "I'll give you ten bucks if you'll stop crying"; neither appeal works.) Bourgeois ideology feeds off precisely what it can't colonise, and the heart of the humour in these films is the play between babies as natural and cultural objects. Inasmuch as they *are*, patently, "natural", they are available — as its opposite — to carry the "natural" delights of yuppiedom. Now that woman has become the tough and neurotic SWW, she can no longer provide the soft centres in Hollywood's emotional chocolate-box (only the nut cluster, perhaps?). So babies take over where women left off: it is no coincidence that baby-films tend to make use of pop songs where the word baby originally meant lover (this only works with baby girls, which of course the babies in these films are). Babies become the signifiers of emotional life, in representation, now that women are no longer available for that task (though what babies and SWWs have in common is that they both do a lot of crying).

Of course, ultimately the issues surrounding parenthood/work/emotional life are very real ones. Mainstream films can only be successful if they *do* hit on deep-felt problems. But while bravely presenting "realistic" tears at the office, smelly — nappy changing and so on, these films' ideological success lies in the psychic drives that underpin their narratives. *Broadcast News*, despite its supposed sympathy with the SWW, in fact punishes her: it locates a real issue but still leaves us with two married men and SWW aunty, knuckle-rapped for her pickiness. The two baby films equally address the real issues of childcare and work: here, the psychic drive is not punishment (though *Three Men* certainly involves womb-envy) but, rather, the wish for perfection, to avoid conflict and choice through imaginary resolutions — indeed to "have it all".

But in the discussions about whether or not we can "have it all" no one has thought to challenge the very terms of the question. For the concept is a totally consumer one in the first place. Why not consider whether one can *be* all those things (a worker, a mother, a lover etc) — which one obviously *can* — or whether one can *do* all the things one wants (which does involve choice, being mainly a question of time). Why is the whole issue of job, partner, child characterised as one of what you can *have*? It is extremely revealing that in both *Baby Boom* and *Three Men* the babies, if not actually bought, like Baby M, are *got*: J.C. is left hers in a will, the Three Men find theirs delivered — like a bottle of milk — on their doorstep. While in one way this dropping of a biological bond might seem quite progressive, in another the lack of process (no fat tummy! no visits to the hospital! no morning sickness!) does make "having" a baby more of a consumer affair.

In these terms, Holly Hunter (like Glenn Close) is punished by having her ration-book docked. *Baby Boom* and *Three Men*, by contrast, represent the emotional equivalent of sale time in Bloomingdales. Martin Jacques, in the *Guardian*, recently suggested that the left should relate more strongly to consumer culture. I, however, would rather cry into my typewriter than check off my desires as items on life's shopping list. □

"Broadcast News" (15) is showing at the Odeon Haymarket and countrywide; "Baby Boom" (PG) is on general release; "Three Men and a Baby" (PG) is showing at the Odeon Leicester Square.

ICA ANTIPODES

At the ICA this Sunday, 17 April, New Statesman writer

Meaghan Morris

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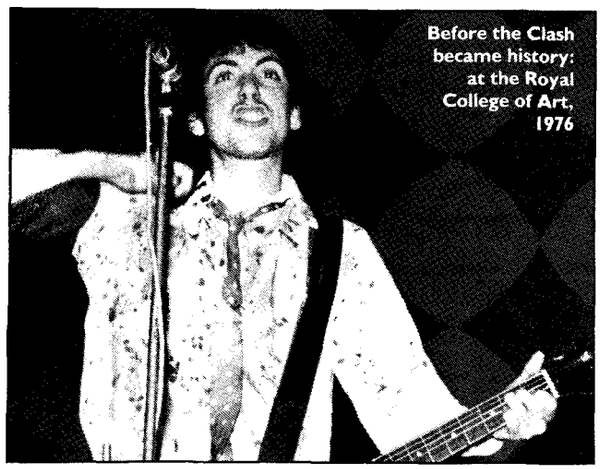
POP

This is England

Jon Savage

HISTORY IS being rewritten fast these days. It is a feature of our interconnecting media economy that loose ends cannot be left alone, that those moments — peculiar to pop — when some sort of emotional or perceptual breakthrough is made must be cauterised lest they spread their virus of freedom — or even truth. And this rewriting process is all the more obnoxious not because it is a conspiracy but because it is a climate.



Before the Clash became history: at the Royal College of Art, 1976

Take the current Pepe jeans ad: to the usual meaningful boy-meets-girl-yawn stream of images is set Johnny Marr's shimmering, instantly recognisable instrumental track to the Smiths' celebrated "How Soon Is Now". As it runs, you start waiting for Morrissey to come in, but of course he doesn't. The storyline of "How Soon Is Now" — in quest for love, man goes to (gay?) club, fails to connect, goes home alone — has a lyric devastating and disruptive in its awkward, hurt simplicity. "Shyness that is criminally vulgar" has no place in the idealised, heterosexual, white dreamworld of jeans ads.

There are other people to deal with besides the Smiths. Punk is still a slight, nagging problem — you don't see it in ads yet; it casts a dark, albeit dim shadow over the rejoicings of most postmodern popsters and in the memory of some music industry executives who can still recall an era when pop stars didn't just lie back and think of England, or didn't, indeed, sell many records. 1986's Ten Year Anniversary was a bit of a damp squib — and, in the nostalgia stakes, was easily eclipsed by *Sgt. Pepper*. So it's time to exploit the back catalogue: since this is well nigh impossible to do with the Sex Pistols, as their affairs are still in such a mess, it'll have to be the Clash.

The last month has seen a "major reevaluation" of the Clash. CBS UK has released a double album called *The Story of the Clash* — 28 tracks from 1977 to 1982 — and a four-track CD single led by their version of "I Fought The Law". The album made the Top 10; the single the 20. Singer Joe Strummer, returned to England to promote his soundtrack album for Alex Cox's *Walker*, found himself faced by a barrage of questions about the group he'd disbanded in 1985. Initially reluctant, he saw the way the wind was blowing and quite understandably softened. For the same critics that had mercilessly panned the last few Clash albums were now granting him readmittance.

But this return to the pantheon has a price. The first, obvious point has to do with the way in which the repackaging and choice of material is slanted to reflect the present-day rather than the period whence it originated. And the single — "I Fought The Law (And The Law Won)" — was a non-event. Hurtling freedom songs like "Complete Control" or "White Riot" might have been more appropriate but they hardly have the right message for the times; "I Fought The Law"'s defeatism certainly does.

The album itself similarly ducks the issue, its four sides opening with two devoted to the post-1979 material, from the period when the Clash had become all that they could be by that time — a superior, American rock 'n' roll band, given an unusual empathy through Joe Strummer's furious underdog vocals. The nub of the matter is buried on side three, where there is a still stunning segue of "(White Man) In Hammersmith Palais", "London's Burning", "Janie Jones", "Tommy Gun", "Complete Control", etc., yet the original impact and meaning of these 1977/8 songs are deflected by their context. The side contains an extract from the March 1977 interview that changed them from being art students with Jackson Pollock spattered clothes into macho, working-class street fighters: a contradictory state from which the step to becoming Rock Rebels (as the sleeve shows them) was a short one.

It is as authentic Rock Rebels, the very quality for which they were once reviled, that the Clash have been celebrated by the dreadful rock critical consensus of all those *Q* boys. This ignores the real story. *The Story of the Clash* swallows the mythology wholesale and regurgitates it; here, there are no mistakes, no songs that don't quite fit. There is no account here of those vertiginous few months when nobody knew whether punk was going to work, when concerts might end in fights between the group and audience; no account of those early Clash songs junked because they didn't fit the "political" image. The past is presented as a *fait accompli* rather than as a struggle.

The gaping hole in this record is the absence of any material from the last Clash album, 1985's *Cut the Crap*. In 1982, the Clash had a US Top 10 hit with "Rock The Casbah" — an event which precipitated a crisis within the group. Co-writer Mike Jones left (to form BAD) and Strummer began writing with manager Bernie Rhodes. The result was a loose, funny, bitter record that combined the by then discredited punk guitar sound with hip-hop drumbeats, noises, found conversations. At least half the record was brilliant: one song in particular encapsulated both the failure of punk's utopian ambitions and their continued relevance. "This Is England" posited the gap between the optimism of "London's Burning" or "Complete Control" — written in the dying days of the postwar consensus — and the bleak oppression that followed.

Like the Sex Pistols' terrifying "Belsen Was A Gas", the pain and reality of "This Is England" renders it unfit for recuperation at present. There is no place for either song as Punk is reduced from a moment that would transform the world into simple "good old rock 'n' roll".

VIDEO

Bewitching hour

Julian Petley

THIS WEEK SEES the return of Channel 4's remarkable video art series *Ghosts in the Machine*, whose last run was somewhat rudely interrupted when the Channel's newly arrived chief executive Michael Grade tuned in one Friday night to be faced with Zbigniew Rybczynski's *Steps*, which playfully plonks a party of American tourists into the midst of Eisenstein's *Battleship Potemkin*. Grade, apparently, was not amused and for a moment it looked as if *Ghosts* was about to become the first casualty of the new regime. However, it transpired that Grade was less hostile to the series itself than to its place in the all-important Friday night schedules. So *Ghosts* now runs at midnight on Tuesdays for the next six weeks, moving to 11.30 on 24 May for a further five weeks.

It's sincerely to be hoped that this doesn't augur badly for the future of video art on Channel 4. For if anything fulfils the channel's statutory duty "to encourage innovation and experiment in the form and content of programmes", then video art surely is it, given that its roots lie so clearly within the various avant-gardes of this century. Although video art most certainly has its links with US underground cinema of the '60s, its emergence is equally tied up with modernist developments in the art world, in particular a self-reflexive fascination with the means and methods of artistic production, and a tendency to blur the boundaries between forms of art previously regarded as distinct. As one of the foremost pioneers of video art, Nam June Paik, put it: "As collage technique replaced oil painting the cathode ray tube will replace canvas."

As the first series of *Ghosts* demonstrated, video art is nothing if not eclectic. The items there were all bought-in, and there was a fairly heavy sprinkling of US work. The second series, however, represents something of a new development, as its producer John Wyver of Illuminations explains: "After the success of the first series I argued that having recognised the traditions of video art we should be looking to extend and develop them by making funds available for new production and not simply using existing works. Out of this came a project between Channel 4 and the Arts Council whereby we funded 10 productions at the level of £4,000 each. Four of these were then developed for broadcast, but all 10 will be seen in various other contexts. In some ways this initiative was a way of putting something back into the video art community which we'd taken out in the first series."

My own favourites in the new series include a wonderful James Bond parody *Matt Blackfinger* by the inimitable Japanese-American Toy Theatre of London (shown last Tuesday) and Terry Flaxton's sumptuous *The World Within Us* (26 April). Drawing on John Cowper Powys' novel *A Glastonbury Romance* and Bertrand Tavernier's film *Sunday in the Country*, the latter uses state-of-the-art digital image-making technology to take the viewer into a writer's imagination as he looks back at his life which is drawing to a close. Images of strange landscapes, of the sea, of geometric shapes, of changing seasons, combine

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allusively and imaginatively, utilising complex and elaborate post-production techniques normally associated with adverts and programme titles.

Also worth looking out for are the latest in Graham Young's *Accidents in the Home* series (19 April) in which household objects do their best to escape human control and the everyday environment is "made strange" in the best surrealist tradition; *Ulysse au Pays de Merveilles* (10 May), a modern version of the Ulysses myth set in the back of a Parisian taxi; and *The Assignation* (24 May), a striking adaptation of a story written by Edgar Allan Poe.

April also sees complete retrospectives at the ICA of two major British video artists, Mark Wilcox (24 April) and Catherine Elwes (17 April). Both are remarkable in different ways, though I have a preference for the former, and especially his stunning film *Calling the Shots*. This is a deconstruction and reworking of a fragment from Douglas Sirk's melodrama *Imitation of Life*, which manages to go way beyond the employment of familiar formal deconstructive techniques to open up questions of representation without lapsing into obscurity or mere didacticism, managing to be informative, subversive, pleasurable and amusing all at the same time.

More elaborate, if not quite so remarkable, is Wilcox's *The Man of the Crowd*, a re-working of Edgar Allan Poe's story of the same name, here turned into a meditation on cinematic artifice via a series of interviews with film extras and the integration of clips of old film in which Wilcox's father was himself an extra.

Poe's detective's hunt for a man is counterpointed by Wilcox's search for his father in clips from *Odd Man Out, Nicholas Nickleby* and the like, whilst the stage re-enactments of the kind of "production line" actions which extras are repeatedly forced to go through suggest a distinctly political consideration of the role of the extra in modern filmmaking.

Catherine Elwes' work is considerably simpler in style, but no less resonant or thought-provoking for that. *With Child* is particularly impressive, presenting as it does a whole range of thoughts and feelings about a forthcoming birth. Avoiding the familiar cinematic convention of voice-over or "internal monologue" the video focuses instead on a whole series of domestic objects — toys, baby clothes, etc. — and manages to imbue them with all sorts of emotions, from the loving to the murderous. There's also a lovely moment when two furry toy animals go through a veritable *Kama Sutra* of love-making to the strains of Mahler's First Symphony.

The theme of motherhood is also central to Elwes' *Winter*, the first of a three-part work which she is producing with Channel 4. Here a mother watches her young son at play in a snow-covered garden and becomes wracked with fears of violent death and war. Again, *Winter* makes its points, entirely without words, and with a sparing but extremely effective use of video techniques, ably demonstrating the specificity of the medium — its flexibility, and its ability to communicate an enormous range of ideas and feelings with very limited resources. □

Catherine Elwes' and Mark Wilcox's tapes are available from London Video Arts, 23 Frith Street, London W1V 5TS.

Before painting became a designer tool: R.B. Kitaj's "The Neo-Cubist"

ART

At the crossroads

John Spurling

Exhibition Road: 20th Century Painters from the Royal College of Art
Royal College of Art Galleries, Kensington Gore, London SW7
Jackson Pollock and **Hans Hofmann: Late Paintings**
Tate
Old Master Paintings from the Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection
RA

FOR THE ROYAL COLLEGE of Art to celebrate its first 150 years with an exhibition of paintings is an act of bravado. It's a little as if the Spy Services were to mount an exhibition of their ex-employees' books, since, from the very beginning, the Royal College was supposed to train not "fine artists" but designers for industry.

Nevertheless, even in the 19th century when there were no separate Schools within the College, "fine artists" would keep popping up: among them Luke Fildes, Hubert von Herkomer, Elizabeth Thompson (Lady Butler) and Jack B. Yeats. This exhibition begins with Yeats and comes almost up to the present, including professors of painting, tutors and even two visiting artists (Bacon and Matta) who were not themselves students of the College.

The casual visitor might imagine that the ancient feud between design and fine art had been long since settled and that the College was uncomplicatedly proud of having become what it was never (by successive governments at least) meant to be: a nursery for distinguished painters. Not at all. The same battle is always breaking out afresh. The exhibition is co-organised and the catalogue (Phaidon/Christie's, £9.95) edited by the new Professor of Painting, Paul Huxley (himself a student of the Royal Academy Schools and one of our best abstract painters) and I suspect that it represents a pre-emptive strike. In a few years' time the Painting School is to be moved out of its old Victorian studios in Exhibition Road and brought into quarters next to the main College building in Kensington Gore. "We can look forward," writes Huxley tactfully, "to being integral once again with the disciplines of design." Maybe. Maybe **Exhibition Road** represents less a pre-emptive strike than a last stand.

Meanwhile, it's an impressive record: not just of individual and individualist stars like Edward Burra, Ceri Richards, Merlyn Evans, John Piper, Bridget Riley, Stuart Brisley (all students) and professors and tutors including Paul Nash, Rodrigo Moynihan, Carel Weight, John Minton and Ken Kiff, but also of groups of the temporarily like-minded: Jack Smith, Edward Middleditch, John Bratby and Derrick Greaves (the Kitchen Sink School) and Hockney, Kitaj, Allen Jones, Caulfield, Blake, etc. (the Pop School). Seeing them assembled here on two floors — many represented by a student as well as a mature work — one is made again aware of how badly we need a large permanent display of British post-war art. Perhaps if it were brought home to the official mind how remarkable that art has been — unparalleled in our history — and what an extraordinary

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spread of talent has emerged from *all* the art schools, it would begin to seem sensible to encourage artists as well as designers.

The Tate's measly holding of three smallish paintings by **Jackson Pollock** was improved in 1982 by the loan of three more — for which, after the death of Pollock's widow Lee Krasner in 1984, it began paying like any enthusiastic but impoverished collector, by instalments. These three are a figurative, semi-surrealistic early work called "Birth"; "Summertime", a long, abstract frieze with repeated patches of primary colour among a tangle of black lines, like a Mondrian pulled through a hedge; and "Number 14", a powerful, semi-figurative late work made of black enamel paint poured on to an unprimed canvas, giving the effect almost of a huge charcoal drawing. All are now paid for and, what's more, the money has gone to the Pollock-Krasner Foundation, a charity for giving money to established but financially embarrassed artists from all over the world. If any such happen to read this column they should write to the Foundation at Post Office Box 4957, New York, New York, USA.

Hans Hofmann's late paintings must be among the most astonishing outbursts of energy and delight achieved by any artist at such an age. The election made by John Hoyland, one of Hofmann's chief admirers in this country, begins with a Chagall-like painting of 1944, but the fully characteristic Hofmanns were all painted when he was over 77 and the richest and most riotous — with their straightforwardly descriptive as well as evocative titles such as "In Sober Ecstasy" and "Lust and Delight" — were done in 1965, just before his death at 85. The Tate owns two, but it ought to put down a deposit on a couple more.

The collection of some 570 Old Masters made by **Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza** and his father is said to be the largest and best, apart from the Queen's, still in private hands. It's usually on show to the public (free) in the Baron's house beside Lake Lugano, but selections are sent on tour from time to time. At the RA, apart from the room full of German and Italian Renaissance portraits, it's hard to detect any reason why these particular 50 or so paintings should have come together in the 20th century, except that they happened to be on the market. A good many are religious, there are landscapes by Salmmon van Ruysdael and Cuyp, a still life by Willem Kalf and a church facade by Saenredam. Dürer is there, as are Memling, Holbein, De Hooch, Hals, El Greco, Goya, Rubens, Van Dyck, Cranach, Watteau, Boucher — and even Caravaggio, Duccio and perhaps Van der Weyden (very rare artists indeed for the private collector) — but the paintings are completely disparate, so that going round them is rather like being presented with samples of 50 of the world's great dishes at one meal: the result is confusion and indigestion. Obviously this is not the Baron's fault, but that of the RA's selectors: they must have greedily picked out the names to demonstrate the importance of the collection and excite the public. When one comes to think of it, this lack of discrimination, this tendency to think of works of art as postage-stamps without any intrinsic qualities beyond their market descriptions and values, has been the ruin of many of the RA's most promising exhibitions — from *Post-Impressionism* to *British Art in the 20th Century* — over the last decade. □

THEATRE

Footfalls echo

Victoria Radin

Danger: Memory!
ARTHUR MILLER *Hampstead*

TO BE ALIVE in the USA from the second decade of the century to the present is to have known the Depression, World War II, the McCarthy witch hunts, the black civil rights movement, the Kennedy boom, the Vietnam war and the ensuing decline.

Arthur Miller, as he reveals in *Timebends*, his autobiography, was closer to the main events than most people — and can throw in marriage to America's most idolised filmstar for good measure. The fall-out from those public events, and that private one, forms the texture of his new double bill of plays, *Danger: Memory!*, written concurrently with his autobiography.

Miller believes in memory as others might do in religion or political doctrine. Memory is the touchstone by which he constantly measures his moral worth; a guide, in a country without secure social traditions, to what he calls "keeping faith with the best" in oneself. Without memory we are animals or worse — monsters in the ooze of ontological discontinuity, incapable of inhabiting ourselves.

The first play of the evening is in fact called *I Can't Remember Anything* and offers us the monstrous Leonora (Betsy Blair) who has overtones of Miller's own recollections of Marilyn Monroe. According to the playwright, Marilyn couldn't remember that she had hated her husband once she wanted him back; the imperious Leonora employs a similarly manipulative loss of recall on her old friend Leo (Paul Rogers) when he asks her not to come round so often. Leo is a hero-worshipping friend of her late husband whom Leonora visits in his small country house twice daily for food and the bourbon she describes, in the same gesture of denial she applies to her past, as "coloured water". Both people are elderly; both once supported the Spanish Civil War and Leo is still a Communist. Although Leo's causes, as Leonora's (or Miller's), have vanished with the times and he sees humankind as "a lot of talking nitrogen", he is busy making use even of his essential uselessness by donating his organs to science. Leonora, on the other hand, will leave children and grandchildren, by whom she feels unneeded; what she can't forget is that, in Miller's dramatically unsound but undoubtedly felt phrase, "this country is being ruined by greed and mendacity and narrow-minded ignorance". This knowledge, aided by her widowhood, propels an amnesia that at times Miller pushes too far.

Elliptical and strange though the piece is, it has a kind of raw, unshaped honesty that nearly always captures the grain of lived experience. Leo may once have been in love with Leonora, with the rich successful life she lived with her husband and the lamb she so excellently cooked for the dinner parties that she can't or refuses to recall. Perhaps he is still in love with her; and that is why her bourbon-heavy brittleness provokes him to such rage against her. We don't know and he probably doesn't either: like the best plays, this one keeps its secrets.

Clara, the longer work which follows, is thicker and more endearing but less frank. Memory here is conjured into being by the melodramatic device of a police lieutenant interrogating a man about the murder of his daughter. We first see the elderly Albert Kroll sprawled on the floor in a faint, as if he were the murder victim himself. When he comes to, at first refusing to sit on a chair because of a sudden fear of heights — both plays are studded with oddly accurate little observations like this one — the ensuing interrogation becomes the means of his own rebirth through the act of memory, a forced return to keeping the private faith.

It also encapsulates, perhaps a shade too neatly for an uneducated executive in what is suggested as a crooked construction company, the actions of liberal humanist America over the past 50 years. As an officer in World War II, Kroll had led a battalion of black men whom he saved from lynching in the South through an act of instinctive courage; later he suffered his own grievous physical wounds. He now heads his small town's committee on the zoning laws which effectively determine the income, and indeed the race, of new inhabitants. The murdered Clara was a prison rehabilitation officer who took a leaf from daddy's book and went beyond it by her love affair with one of her patients, a murderer and a "hispanic" to boot. Kroll had let it be because he had guessed that she previously had been a lesbian.

Miller makes a point about the muddled liberalism that would welcome a convicted — and hispanic! — murderer into the family as a corrective to the threat of filial lesbianism, but doesn't quite avoid encouraging us in the smug belief that, given the chance, we too heroically would have stopped a whole town from lynching a group of black men. Nevertheless, he allows the Jewish detective's philosophy of "greed and race" to get something of a fair hearing, for Lt Fine (John Bennett) is a decent man who holds his own essentially tragic view of life. And, by means of music and electrical signs and slides and flashbacks of Clara, Miller has a go at suggesting the tricks of mind that enable memory to unfold and even expand to extra-sensory intuitions about the present. Jack Gold's direction could be more abrasive but the acting is excellent, with Paul Rogers touching (if not quite American) as Kroll, the latest of Miller's humanely-drawn portraits of little men who achieve greatness in tragedy. □

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Happy birthday!

Billy Bragg
We need the *NS* to discuss and work out what it will be like to live in a socialist society in the 21st century.

Donald Trelford, editor, Observer
From a 197-year-old to a mere 75-year-old; congratulations to one of the authoritative radical voices of Britain, which inspired me among others in my youth, and to which I wish continued life and properity.

Peter Preston, editor, Guardian
Happy radical birthday. Let's hope two into one can go.

Andy Kershaw
Looking forward to the day you report Tebbit's being thrown in the Tower. Hope it's before you make 76. Meanwhile, happy 75th.

Ivor Cutler, poet
I hope the NS&S is a runaway success.

Tom Watt, of EastEnders
I am impressed: only 75 years to become an institution.

Auberon Waugh, editor, Literary Review
May I, as one who learned how to write columns under Tony Howard, send warmest wishes for the *New Statesman*'s rapid recovery. Get well soon.

Own goal

Sean Hughes MP (Knowsley South)
Am I alone in thinking that Francis Wheen's Diary (*NS* 1 April) summed up all that has been wrong with the Labour Party throughout this decade? "I am no disciple of Tony Benn but I can't see why he should not be allowed to stand if he wants to," Francis Wheen writes. For heaven's sake, what are we involved in? Is it some sort of game, a beauty contest, *Mastermind*, or Top of the Form?

Okay, so Neil Kinnock and Roy Hattersley happen to get the plum jobs if we win, but isn't there something more than that? A parliamentary term can be, literally, a lifetime for a pensioner, the severely disabled, or the sick. Those four or five years of a parliamentary term are years of misery for those who must spend that time in poor housing, inadequate schools, ill-equipped hospitals, a rotten environment, unemployed.

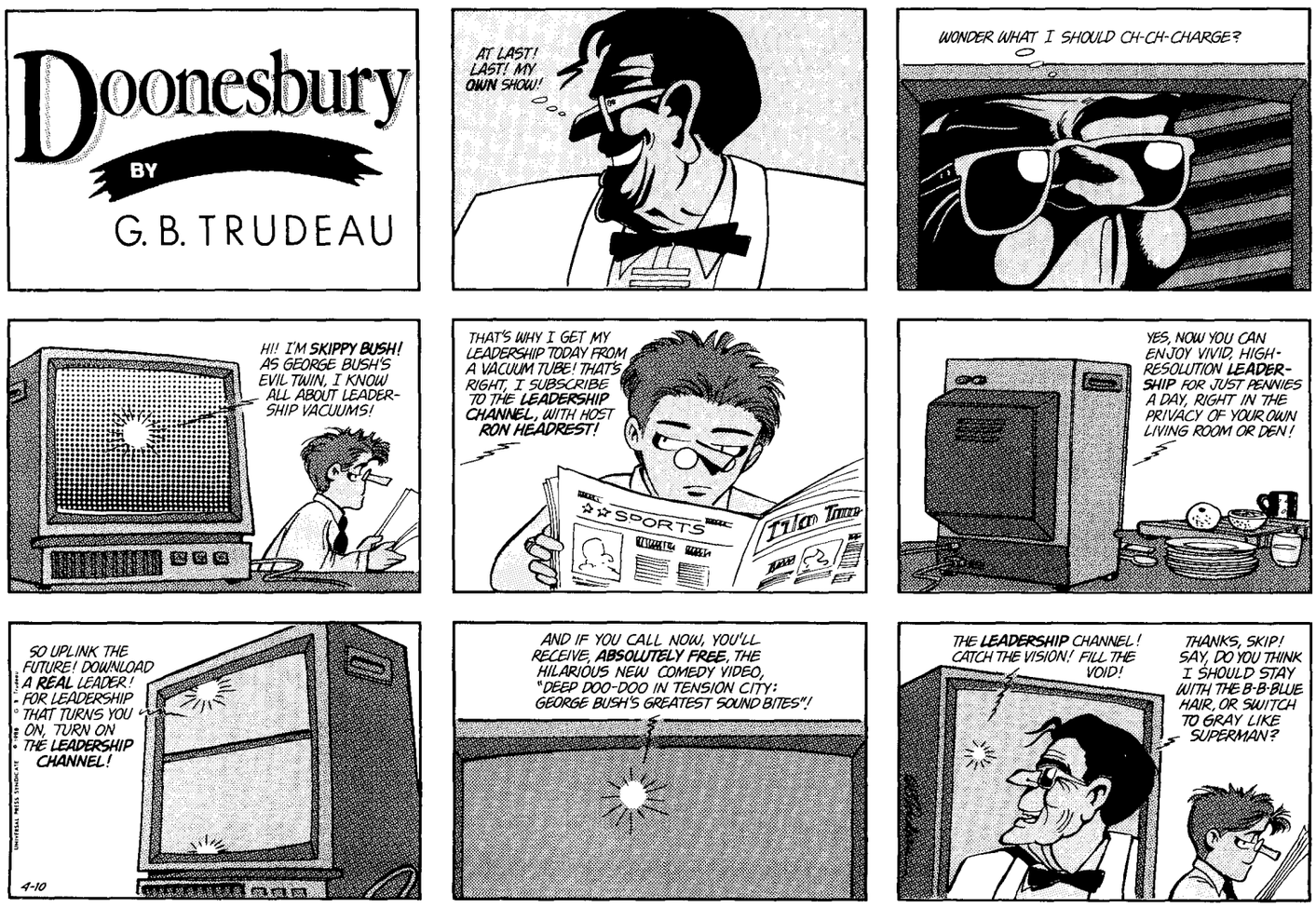
Those people know that only a Labour government will make their needs a priority. They also know that the self-indulgence of a leadership contest, from whichever wing it comes, reduces our perceived seriousness and diminishes our prospects of a return to power. Such activities might make riveting reading in the published diaries of the future, they do nothing for the immediate prospect of a Labour government and the more deprived a person is the more urgent is the need for the immediacy of a Labour government.

The one hope is that there will be a groundswell of support for John Evans' proposal that there should be but one leadership election at the beginning of each parliamentary term and that a more substantial number of MPs should be needed for nomination.

If Francis Wheen doesn't appreciate that this sort of leadership contest works against the return of a Labour government, that it is simply an exercise of choice in which any one of the 227 Labour MPs is entitled, on a whim, to become engaged, then God help us. The electorate certainly won't.

Clause 28

Peter W. Barry, Manchester
Is my understanding of the law wrong, or is Andrew McIntosh (Letters 8 April) being naive? Once Clause 28 is on the statute book, any rich bigot will be free to take a local authority to court and it will be up to the judiciary to define the ambiguities of the phrase "intentionally promote homosexuality". From their recent showing, they can hardly be relied upon to take the liberal view. So the best that one can say is that it probably won't be an offence for a local authority to appoint a teacher who is gay and isn't prepared to lie to his pupils about it. If you were that authority, would you take the risk? Perhaps my understanding is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wrong. I hope so, but to take comfort in "minister's assurances" is surely the height of folly.

No excuse

Professor Dr R.M. Müller, West Germany

As a German I read Ben Pimlott's article about Waldheim (*NS* 18 March) with mixed feelings. However, as Mr Pimlott was patently addressing himself to his countrymen I abstain from commenting on his central point. There is just one sentence of his I should like to put right: "Hitler united his people in murderous hostility to the Jews." This, I am sure, is a factual error. There is no need here again to go into the unparalleled murderousness of the Nazi regime towards Jews and the German people's direct and indirect involvement in it. There is also no doubt that Hitler managed to unite the Germans in some things not to their credit. But hostility towards the Jews, let alone murderous, was not among them.

I was a teenager at the time, but open-eyed and critical. There had been hostility to Jews in Germany before 1933, but certainly no more than in most countries, and a good deal less than in some I could name. It seems to me that (perhaps with the exception of Holland) Jews felt nowhere such (relative) national congeniality as in the Germany of the first decades of this century. But however that may be, Hitler certainly did not succeed in making the Germans *more* hostile to Jews than they had been — on the contrary. I'm sure that some people welcomed some pruning of Jewish wealth, some socialisation, for instance, of the small-shopkeeper-killing department stores like Tietz's; and pressure on Jews to sell their businesses off cheap certainly pleased some people, windfall-wise. But all the Nazis' attempts at rousing the public's feelings against Jews in general failed completely, and the Party was aware of this.

What the SA and the Gestapo actually did to Jews, as far as it became common knowledge, only confirmed people in the fear and contempt they felt for these particular Nazi organisations. In my experience, drawn from quite open conversations at my grandmother's country pub and in shopping queues of my home town, especially the so-called "Kristallnacht" (the burning of Synagogues etc.) in 1938 proved to be totally counter-productive. For the first time the common people thought something was really wrong with their leaders (the second time was when the remainder of Czechoslovakia was occupied).

This is not to exculpate myself or my countrymen. To me the real puzzle and horror of Nazi Germany is that a people allowed its rulers to do to Jews what they did, and actually helped them in doing it, without the excuse of "murderous hostility".

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AGENDA

Deadline: 2pm Mondays

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PUBLIC LECTURE FROM DOLLFUSS TO WALDHEIM. . . Austria's Malaise and Hope. Speaker Erich Fried, Austrian Poet. Institute of Education Student Union, 20 Bedford Way, London WC1. Start 7.30 pm.

WED 20 APRIL

SOCIALISM IN THE 1990s John Willman. 8 p.m. (following AGM) in Cole Room, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1. All welcome. Central London Fabian Society.

TUE 26 APRIL

END PUBLIC MEETING 'Nuclear Politics and Environmental Politics'. Speakers include Mary Kaldor (END), Zhores Medvedev, Walt Patterson, Sherna Chatterjee (FoE). The ICA, SW1. 6.30 pm. Admission £1.50.

CONFERENCE

BSA MEDICAL SOCIOLOGY GROUP Annual Conference, 16-18 September 1988, University of York. Papers and workshops on the sociology of health and illness. Plenary speaker — Professor Meg Stacey. Details from Steve Platt, **MRC UNIT**, Royal Edinburgh Hospital, Morningside Park, Edinburgh. Tel: 031-447 2011.

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GROUP D	14th-28th August

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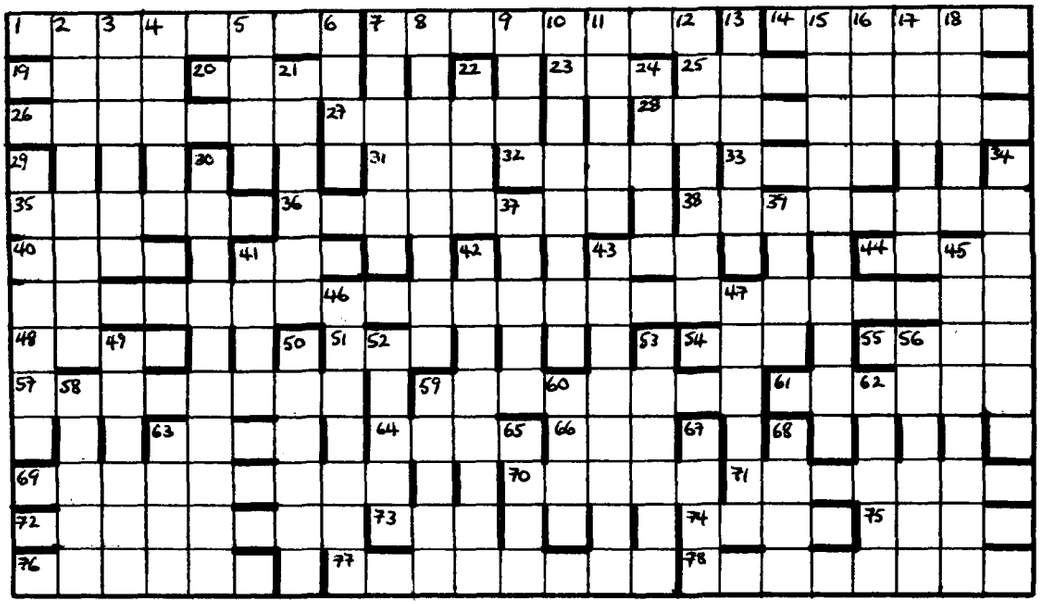
Salamanca 133 "ESRTESNY WSSE"

PRIZES: Copies of the *Collins Concise Dictionary* for the first ten correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 133, New Statesman, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ by first post 16 May.*



All acrosses and unasterisked downs are normal. The letters A-L in asterisked answers may be written above two keywords into which their corresponding letters where relevant in the answers must be enciphered, any falling beyond L remaining normal. The initial letters of the two keywords should be shaded wherever they appear in the completed grid. These shaded squares complete what is started by the seven words in the unclued centre row (whose unchecked letters HHTTTT may provide) and continued by the keywords. (The plural form at 57 is in common if incorrect use.)

ACROSS

1. Mother hugging husband, say, after receiving ring? By this you'ld see it many times? (8)
7. Some pithy adage desperately needed? Ye said —, perhaps? (8)
14. Girl getting married, no longer subdued (6)
19. Equitable ownership of house, surroundings etc. (4)
20. Where you'ld find *bar*-men? (4)
23. Real being is terminated, dropping dead (3)
25. Nothing to publish? Nothing worth getting excited about, anyway (8)
26. Quixote or poor Rosinante is, possibly, made out to be — sort? (7)
27. Isn't this old word a name for a month? (5)
28. Why the bows can't be used? (Ours end in tatters!) (9)
31. English ship beginning to sail? (3)
32. At a run I tried ordering these from Indian restaurant? (4)
33. Record, when going round, producing top range? (4)
35. They are drunk i.e. sans stirring (6)
36. Great walls of water rising as must in storms (8)
38. Asiatic that is not without heart and not written about (8)
40. Poor Senora is — possibly (if not exotic Rosa) (4)
41. Grant short of money (3)
43. Drain last drop from marshy spot (3)
44. Aircraft needing little area for take-off: what it *doesn't* need on return? (4)
48. Something that's mass produced in little time? (4)
51. Wasn't once sick at heart? (3)
54. Little drip lacking power (3)
55. See sheltered entrance of manor abounding with trees? (4)
57. Instruments to go fast when played (8)
59. Bard's agreement to leave gold in station (8)
61. But it *always* immediately involves a *little* period? (2 words, 6)
63. Sign for 'Ladies' with opening concealed (4)
64. Stipends in Scotland one time are now initially not specified (4)
66. Tops among the servicewomen? (3)
69. It hurled rock etc. at force marching on stomach? (9)
70. Perplexed last year (5)
71. Such a lack of sense is wearing — a tiny change is needed (7)
72. Customer's right to thank you, filled with praise (8)
73. Dull chap — could be a bum? (3)
74. Rare bird seen at noon and even (4)
75. At no time more different if weak-hearted (4)
76. Jock's sticky and dirty it's clear, removing one from it? (6)
77. American bird needing to use loo time and again! (8)
78. Bishop's seat having arch with date inscribed about (8)

DOWN

*2. Wrongly assign tax to when I am given a rise (8)
3. This rifle contained one firing on herd? (6)
*4. Arm has one at its extreme end (5)
*5. Where students take food that's hot even (4)
*6. Spirits (we hear?): Judge where to find them? (4)
7. Sent —? Making an exit, used these? (6)
*8. Friends having a passion for getting drunk (8)
*9. River lizard, mostly golden one (4)
10. Hot stuff talked in a club (8)
*11. Hoops for holding cows' heads when milking with buckets (5)
*12. Straightforward oatcake (7)
13. Conferring high esteem without payment? No, not hourly (6)
15. These ruffians on roads speed wildly? (10)
16. Bird: see one when caged (4)
*17. Electric bill showing a load to pay? (6)
18. Cleansing fluid, pleasant when taken upwards? (5)
21. Built a home? Requirement, stone filling? (6)
22. Which department's in charge when one's sent upwards? (4)
24. Girl from South America, that is (5)
29. Despicable fellow involving one in Jersey squabble? (7)
30. Softening, like furnished pieces in wet (10)
34. Having lanes from which you'll be watched without exception? (7)
*37. Jock's toll, given a run on grass (5)
39. Horrid lesson? One might be so *in* it? (4)
41. Put out an odour, say (4)
42. Criminal sort as in damaging (8)
43. Soapstone could be dug in place allocated for development (8)
45. The bigger the measure of current, the m-more this twitches? (8)
46. Twice remove a bit mostly from rear you've to carve? (7)
47. Look, that's Scots name for lamp lighter (6)
49. Elevating broadcast, say, given by leading expert, a sort of classical Claire Rayner? (6)
50. Knitted cape *not* knotted in middle drop? (6)
52. Chief producer of young lizards? (5)
*53. Offered to the customer — Sloane ranger? (2 words, 6)
56. To be situated in cover like an ornamental pond? (6)
58. A tax haven like Blue Lagoon? (5)
*59. Apollo's risen and it's hot: this would have made you sneeze once (5)
60. It's forbidden to listen in on phonecalls with head unit (4)
*62. Boasting fool you see captured by ugly old woman and given a lift (5)
63. Just over two litres: you'll see them bit by bit dripping out of 45 (4)
*65. Deejay spins one from Don to Con if this? (4)
67. Simultaneity of heads speaking your name collectively (4)
*68. At end of eruptions what's behind? Lava (4)

*The solution to Salamanca 133 will be published in the 20 May issue of *New Statesman*.

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Weekend competition

No 3021 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

The wildest, most unbelievable excuses for being late are usually the only ones to be believed. We'd like you to invent the most outlandish excuse imaginable. Max. 120 words by 27 April.

No 3018 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Songs, to existing tunes, from the musical versions of seminal scientific works.

Report **By Babe Bio**

God, your orl so bloody clever. The only scientific work that *I* know is *Star Trek*. Anyway, clap, clap, clap; well dun. And welcum back to the fold, Pascoe Polglaze — tuff that you didernt win. Tuff on David Waddilove, too: your *On the Origin of the Species* to the tune of "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" was in with a chanse — until I discovered that horriberl threat at the end of page two. A Spesherl Menshern to Kevin Lord for *The Communist Manifesto* to the tune of "There Is a Tavern in the Town" and £12 a head to those below. (To tell you the truth, I woodernt normally give 1p to anywun using a tune by John Denver, but a) Graham Dunstan's entry is brillyernt and b) the person I like best in the wurld has a weekness for "Perhaps Love".)

From Albert Einstein's The Special Theory of Relativity *to the tune of John Denver's "Perhaps Love"*

And thus I claim that if, for every referential frame,
The speed of light is constant and all natural laws the same,
All physical phenomena involving time and motion,
Are relative, not absolute, in each observer's notion.

An illustration: just suppose, propelled by rocket-power,
You voyage far through Outer Space — you're gone for half-an-hour;
The only differential is — you're travelling so fast,
You find, on coming back to Earth, four hundred years have passed!

And as for Mass and Energy, I've found this new Equation,
Which codes their close affinity — for such is my persuasion.
Set Energy upon the left: put Mass upon the right
(Compounded by the square of the velocity of light). . .

GRAHAM DUNSTAN

From Charles Darwin's On the Origin of Species *to the tune of "The Church's One Foundation"*

The Origin Of Species
Is quite a marvellous book,
The thoughts that it unleashes
Are darker than a rook —
For God's Domestic Pigeons
All show how Species change,
And Bible-based Religions
Are flying out of range!

Now Natural Selection
Makes Species modify —
Productions in each section,
That walk or swim or fly!
Thy wits thou feebly pittest
Against the Fossil Lore;
Survival of the Fittest
Is here for ever more!

GAVIN EWART

From Freud's The Interpretation of Dreams *to the tune of "The Tender Trap"*

You're smoking a big fat cigar; you're revving a four-litre car;
You're in a tunnel alone; you're sucking a cone of ice-cream:
That cigar, that car, they're part of a Freudian dream.

You're driving a train through a cave; you're surfing a huge Bondi wave;
Big Ben strikes the hour, Janet Leigh's in the shower — and you scream:
That wave, that cave, they're part of a Freudian dream.

The Tower of Pisa stands erect; a bull has left the china wrecked;
You wake in a fret, and find the sweat pouring in streams;
You wonder, can it be all down to sex? Then think of Kraft-Ebbing and Oedipus Rex:
You're stressed, you're repressed, you're haunted by Freudian dreams.

WATSON WEEKS

From Johannes' Kepler's De Harmonice Mundi *to the tune of "My Blue Heaven"*

Each planet describes
A constant ellipse —
The basis of my first theorem.
A line from the sun
Drawn out to each one
Will illustrate my first theorem.
You'll see those orbs observed in motion curved draw oval paths.
This basic law I'll prove therefore with novel maths.
Each case that I test
Agrees with the rest —
I'm happy with my first theorem.

SID FIELD

Louis de Broglie's La Nouvelle Mécanique Ondulatoire *to the tune of "The Lady Is a Tramp"*

He looked at atoms that really were small,
And some electrons, not there at all,
He sussed that light-waves were right on the ball,
That's why De Broglie was a champ.

La nouvelle mécanique ondulatoire,
u v est c², le premier fois,
Il vit les arbres et aussi le bois,
That's why De Broglie was a champ.

He loved a free, fresh energy surge, just like Panurge,
Float on . . . photon . . .
Newtonian physics just gave him the shits,
That's why De Broglie was the ritz.

CONNIE YAPP

Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle *to the tune of "It Ain't Necessarily So"*

How an article's particles go
Must be guessed as our tests only show
An electron's direction deflects on detection:
We don't necessarily know.

D.A. HINTON

THE WORLD'S MOST BENEVOLENT BANK

Is Bewick's Bank in Throgmorton Street. It is a haven for the seriously rich, as only those endowed with vast quantities of cash are acceptable as customers. For this reason, the bank never supplies statements because, as they politely explain, if you need to know how much money you've got, then clearly you haven't got enough. Nor do they provide chequebooks for their handful of current account holders. Instead, each customer is followed at all times, and at a discreet distance, by a personal assistant carrying a Gladstone Bag full of large denomination banknotes. These are to cover incidental expenses and the odd impulse purchase, like a smoked salmon sandwich or a Ferrari. The bank has never been robbed, because nobody but the customers knows that it is there. In fact from the outside, the building is the soul of discretion, carrying no sign or device. On the inside, however, it is a cosy and comfortable place, rather like the Heckmondwike Opera House, with none of the forbidding or supercilious attitudes found in certain other financial institutions. Indeed, the staff are noticeably jolly and good humoured, partly because, having so few customers means that they have hardly any work to do. But the chief cause of their amiable disposition is the Merrydown Vintage Cider which the bank provides for the refreshment of staff and customers alike. Merrydown, which uses only fine English apples like Bramleys and Cox's in its fermentation, instead of the bitter little cider apples used in cheaper brands, is the only beverage offered by the bank. The customers may occasionally incline to extravagance, but they can still recognise good value for money.

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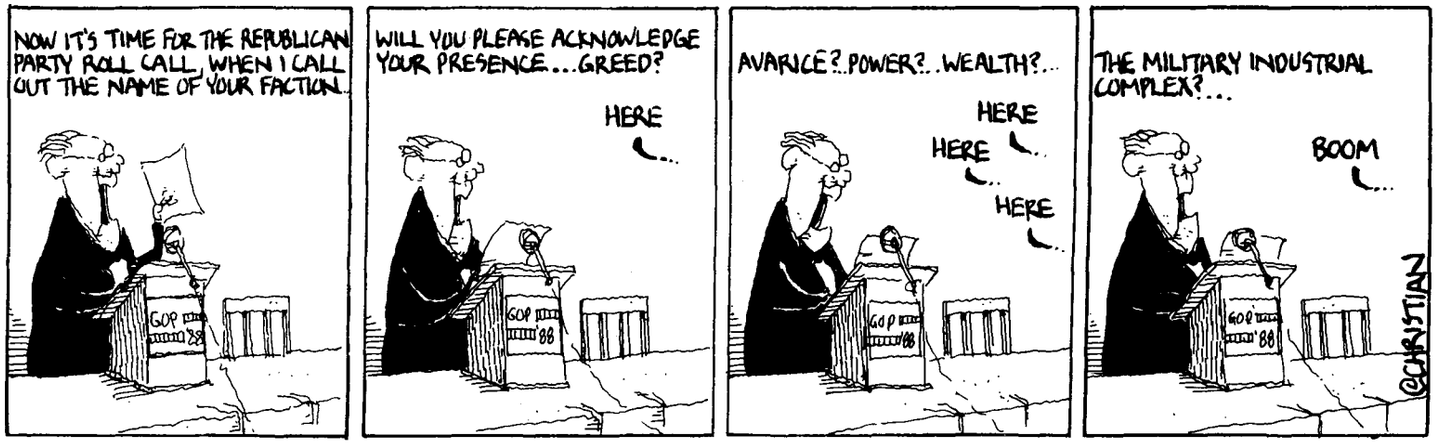


Chess

LET'S START with one of those disasters which enables all the rest of us to enjoy a warm glow of satisfaction when the victim is a grandmaster. This isn't going to take long. Award yourself a bonus point if you can see what's going on without playing over on a board:

Nunn-Georgiev, Linares 1988. Caro-Kann.
1. e4 c6 2. d4 d5 3. Nd2 dxe4 4. Nxe4 Nd7 5. Ng5 Hm. Direct play from Nunn — or you could call it crude. Of course, the obvious tactical point is . . . **h6? 6. Ne6 Qa5+ 7. Bd2 Qb6 8. Bd3** And he still can't take on e6. But the Bulgarian GM didn't see why. He must have thought he was being offered some sort of positional sacrifice. **fxe6?? 9. Qh5+ Kd8 10. Ba5 1-0.**

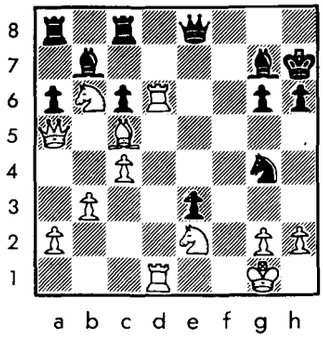
Apart from their collaboration on this little nugget of insanity, winner and loser put in a mediocre performance in the Ciudad de Linares tournament, both finishing with the absolutely middling score of 5½/11. Jan Timman won the event in convincing style. Karpov had been invited to play, but it seems that the organizers found they could not afford him. You see, this alleged paragon of Soviet citizenship really does believe in private enterprise — abroad, at any rate. The women's world champion, Maya Chiburdanidze from Georgia, was drafted in as a replacement. This time she failed to promote the case for mixed tournaments, almost out of sight in last place.

Linares, though strong, was just another tournament. The SWIFT tourney currently in progress in Brussels is the first stage in the new *grand prix* and as such I think it will come to be regarded as the most important development in international chess for 40 years — since the match-tournament that enthroned Botvinnik as world champion under FIDE regulations, with a commitment to periodic defences of the title.

It's always difficult to say how things stand in the middle of a tournament, since there is usually a cloud of adjourned games obscuring the results. As I write this the lead is actually held by Jon Speelman, who has got off to an excellent start with 5 points from the first 7 rounds. Even Jon's best friends would have to agree that the manner in which he scored those points was not impeccable. In fact, it was typical Speelman: a combination of remorseless accuracy in the endgame and infinite resource in difficult positions. Gert Ligterink, in the tournament bulletin, gets it right when he reminds us that we've seen this sort of chess before in the games of Emanuel Lasker!

This position (*diagram 1*) from round 4 was more than just difficult for Jon (*Black*). Luc Winants (*White*), only playing in the event in the capacity of local hero, has overrun the Q-side and the d = file and is sure to win material. Speelman's pieces seem to lack even the minimal co-ordination required for a swindle. But see what happened:

Diagram 1: Winants-Speelman



30. Bd4 This looks very sensible, with the idea of eliminating Black's best piece (Bg7) and attacking along the 7th rank. It also avoids the variation 30. Nxa8 Qe5 31. Ng3 e2 32. Re1 Qxd6! 33. Bxd6 Bd4+ 34. Kh1 Nf2+ and Black escapes with a draw. But it was in fact quite safe to play 30. Nxc8! Qe5 31. Ng3 Bxc8 32. Rd8 and White should win. **Rd8 31. Bxg7 Rxd6 32. Rxd6 Rd8!** A diabolical trick which casts the dread shadow of Black's Queen over the life of the White King. **33. Rxd8?** This seems to be losing in all variations. Better was 33. c5! Rxd6 34. cxd6 Qe4 35. Qe1 c5 36. Qf1 Nf2, when there is a draw available through 37. d7 Nh3+ etc. But Winants' compatriot Jadoul suggests that White may still be able to win with 37. Ng3 Qc6 38. Ba1! Qxb6 39. Qc4! **Qxd8 34. Bd4 Qh4 35. Nd5?** Cracking up and allowing mate in 3. But it's gone now, for if 35. h3 Qf2+ 36. Kh1 Qxe2 37. hxg4 Qd1+ 38. Kh2 Qxd4 and Black must win. **Qf2+ 0-1.**

Before the tournament Speelman identified Alexander Beliavsky as one of the most dangerous men in the field, an opinion widely shared among the grandmasterly fraternity. Beliavsky has a special knack for whipping up ferocious attacks from simple, classical set-ups. Thus many avoid defending the Queen's Gambit on the grounds that, though sound, this defence offers few winning prospects. But when Beliavsky has command the Black pieces spring into life:

Seirawan-Beliavsky, SWIFT World Cup, Rd. 2, QGD.
1. d4 d5 2. c4 c6 3. Nc3 Nf6 4. cxd5 cxd5 5. Bf4 Nc6 6. e3 Bf5 7. Nf3 e6 8. Bb5 Nd7 9. 0-0 Be7 10. Bxc6 bxc6 11. Rc1 Rc8 At this stage most strong players — and this must have included Seirawan — would think that White is a bit better because of Black's backward c-pawn and White's next move seems to be the rational way of setting about exploiting this advantage. But with hindsight we can say that White should have played 12. Ne5! here in order to get clear of the avalanche that now descends on his K-side. **12. Na4 g5! 13. Bg3 h5 14. h3 g4 15. hxg4 hxg4 16. Ne5 Nxe5 17. Bxe5 f6 18. Bg3 Kf7** An attacking move, clearing a path for the Queen to come to the g- or h-file. **19. Re1?** Supine in the face of danger. The White King needs breathing space, so surely 19. f3 was right. The excellent notes in the bulletins, compiled by Ligterink, give 19. f3 gxf3 20. Qxf3 Qg8! as strong for Black but White can reply 21. Nc3 and he's still fighting. **Rh5 20. Qd2 Be4! 21. Kf1?** Beliavsky has already planned to seal off this exit. But 21. Qd1 Qg8 with . . . Qg6 and . . . Rch8 to follow was hardly more promising. **Bf3! 0-1.**

Much more from the World Cup in the weeks ahead. Kasparov has yet to enter the lists, but with Speelman, Short and Nunn among the 25 participants in the *grand prix* there is a chance of another British success in store.

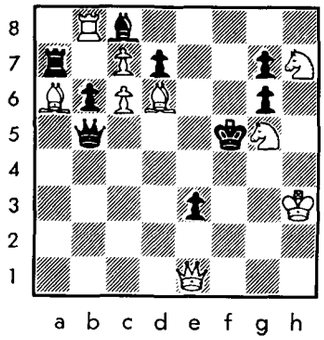
That reference to "British" needs a gloss, as the organisation of the federations for the home countries is a little confusing. Most of the news-worthy results concern the exploits of English players. Being a member of the Welsh Chess Union myself, I have evolved a simple formula to deal with this: if they do well, it's a British success, and if they don't, it's an English failure.

However, the Scots also have a few players who deserve recognition. McNab, Motwani and Condie are all youthful IMs involved in a healthy rivalry for the position of top dog north of the border. The finish of this year's Edinburgh Easter congress was appropriately marked by a confrontation between two of them, and on this occasion Paul Motwani won the argument with tenacious pressure:

Motwani-Condie, Save & Prosper Edinburgh Congress 1988. Old Indian Defence.
1. e4 c6 2. c4 e5 3. Nf3 d6 4. d4 Nd7 5. Nc3 Ngf6 6. g3 Be7 7. Bg2 0-0 8. 0-0 Re8 9. h3 a6 10. a4 An important decision. Sometimes you allow Black to expand with. . . b7-b5, but here Motwani thinks it's important to maintain the spatial plus. I think he proves his case. **a5 11. Be3 Bf8 12. Qc2 g6 13. Rad1 Qc7 14. Rfe1 Bg7 15. c5!** A little tactic worth noting, through which White seizes more of the centre. **dxc5 16. dxe5 Nxe5 17. Nxe5 Qxe5 18. f4 Qh5 19. e5 Nd5 20. Nxd5 cxd5 21. g4 Qh4 22. Bxc5 Qg3 23. Qf2 Qb3 24. Ra1!** Not just an abject defence of the a-pawn. White threatens to trap the Queen with 25. Ra3 Qc4 26. Bf1. **g5 25. Rec1 d4 26. f5 Qe3 27. Bxd4 Qxf2+ 28. Kxf2 Bxe5 29. Bxe5 Rxe5 30. Rc7 Rb8 31. Rac1 Re8 32. Bd5 Rd8 33. Bxf7 + Kh8** Now it only remains to finish Black off by doubling Rooks on the 7th. **34. Re1 b5 35. Ree7 bxa4 36. Bc4 Rxb2 37. Ke3 Rb3+ 38. Bxb3 axb3 39. Rxh7+ Kg8 40. Rcg7+ Kf8 41. f6 1-0.**

Time now for a bit of readership participation. *Diagram 2* is the problem you have to solve in order to qualify for the postal stages of the **1988/9 Lloyds Bank British Problem Solving Championship**. It's White to play and mate in 2 moves against any possible Black defence. To enter just send in White's first move (the key) to Lloyds Bank Chess, 76 Lambscroft Avenue, Mottingham, London SE9 4PB. And please mark your solution "*New Statesman*", as there are prizes for the columnists whose readers do best!

Diagram 2: the 1988-9 Lloyds Bank starter Mate in 2



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